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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ALTHOUGH we commonly look at life with a becoming tolerance, we find, on searching our heart, that we have very little patience with the way seven-eighths of the hotels are run, here or anywhere. In spite of what managers say about courtesy being the root of hotel management, it is frequently not courtesy but unction, banana unction. All the sideshows in most hotels are run by concessionaires—the newsstand, the ticket agency, the check-room; the valets, the bellboys, the waiters are predatory. Cigarettes are five cents more than at the corner stand, telephone calls are

ten cents. While this system makes easy bookkeeping and more profit, it is pretty hard on the guest: the corridors turn out to be dens of jackals. That is why, so often in a hotel, you see the look of the hunted in the eyes of the guest. As far as we're concerned, a hotel, under the present system of authorized dime-reaching, may have a thousand rooms and a thousand baths and it still (as Lady Peel might aptly remark) isn't a 'ome.

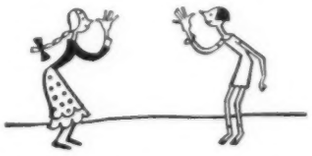
A PERSON who drifts along, falling a victim to the various snares and delusions of dramas, popular novels, movies, and phonograph records is likely to get pretty well out of touch with actuality. We realized the other night that nobody has suffered more from the current sentimentality and pseudo-realism than the American mother. As portrayed, she falls into three types: the white-haired movie saint, who is a complete nonentity; the mother of book and stage, who is more or less of a fiend along pathological or neurotic lines; and the mother of bal-

lad, who is just a plain idiot. One would gather from all this that plain, normal mothers have disappeared. Yet we see them all about. They appreciate a joke with a mild, earthy sense of humor, they know their way around, they are sounder on manners and morals than most of their children, they are not meddlesome, they are wary of psychoanalysts—in a word, sensible and okay. What they need is some sort of equity association to stand up for their common rights—or maybe they just need a song, a book, a movie, and a play to end all songs, books, movies, and plays about Mother.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK: Several years ago Forhan's toothpaste told a credulous world that Four Out Of Five Have It. The suggested remedy was Forhan's. Today, after all these years, you'll notice if you read the car cards that Four Out Of Five still Have It. If the toothpaste does

what the ads say, shouldn't the ratio by this time be down to *three* out of five? Are we being kidded?

SIMON & SCHUSTER—our mistake—E. P. Dutton & Company have just published a new edition of "Alice in Wonderland," with drawings by Willy Pogany replacing the old familiar pictures by Tenniel. Alice, in the new version, appears in bobbed hair and short skirts—1929 model. The reason given for this change is that to modern children the old demure long-haired Alice of 1866 England must seem rather strange and remote. Well, we could say a lot on the whole subject, including our belief that the old Alice's strangeness and remoteness were a part of her charm. We no longer have the strength, however, to combat the distortions and desecrations of Progress. These days it is best to conform, even to join the new pioneering idol-smashers. Thus we suggest



another change along this same line: Rewrite "Beautiful Joe" and make the heroic dog a Sealyham.

Sound Technique

A BAFFLING problem came up in a photoplay the Ultra-United-Goldberg-Preëminent Company was making a week or so ago—a matter of symbolism. A man was to be executed and the idea was to suggest his demise, not show it. "Umm," said one master mind, "we could have him leaving his cell and then we could show a flash of a candle going out—that would do it." Mr. Ultra killed this idea at once. "A candle don't make any noise when it goes out," he objected, "and of course we got to have a noise effect." They talked it over a long while and finally hit upon showing a toy balloon explod-

ing in the hands of the doomed man's little son. That provided quite a good sound.

The High Place

THAT forty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year triplex apartment atop the new Delmonico Hotel at Park and Fifty-ninth rewards the eye mainly just now with its magnificent view of the city. It is being visited by occasional curious and wily sightseers, acting as they think millionaires act, and a few actual millionaires seriously considering living there. Pretender or plutocrat, what they see at present is a hodge-podge of rooms, foyers, and galleries, inelegant and amazing. The place is not yet decorated; the arrangement is bewildering, with nooks and crannies everywhere and devious small hallways which seem to do much winding around to perform very little service. As you leave the elevator on the first floor of the apartment (the thirtieth of the building), for example, and turn to your right you are in a narrow passageway which makes four right-angle turns in a distance of twenty feet and winds up at a service elevator. Halfway along this odd corridor a little niche holds a small, lonely, and lovely washbowl. Similarly, in a dressing-room on this floor, situated between the master's bedroom and his bath, you can reach out and open five doors without taking a step, thus getting all the fun of a Coney Island maze. The present layout was the idea of Mr. James H. R. Cromwell, who had the whole building under lease and lived in the apartment for a short while. He was probably lost most of the time.

In all there are nineteen rooms, not counting a dozen other large spaces which might be made into rooms. There are fifteen closets, six baths. The living-room is on the third floor. It is forty-five feet by seventeen and commands a magnificent view up Park Avenue, down Park Avenue, over the East River, across the city. Bordering this floor are two promenades which might be converted into sun parlors, hothouses, art galleries, or anything you are bright enough to think of. On the middle floor is the dining-room (seventeen by twenty-nine), the library (about the same size), the kitchen, butler's pantry, several large, nebulous, unnamed spaces, and a room definitely referred to by the renting agents as a den. The lowest floor includes five bedrooms and baths, a nursery, a laundry, and—among other things—a pressing-room. The last is just tentatively named; you might want to do something else with it.

Bon Voyage

THE latest dodge in gifts for friends departing on steamers is to present them with their first bottle of legal champagne. You order it delivered, of course, after the ship is safely out of territorial waters, one procedure being to order it served (card attached) the first dinner out. Arrangements are made while the ship is still in port—through a travel agency, the ship's own wine steward, or, in the case of Cunarders, the catering superintendent.

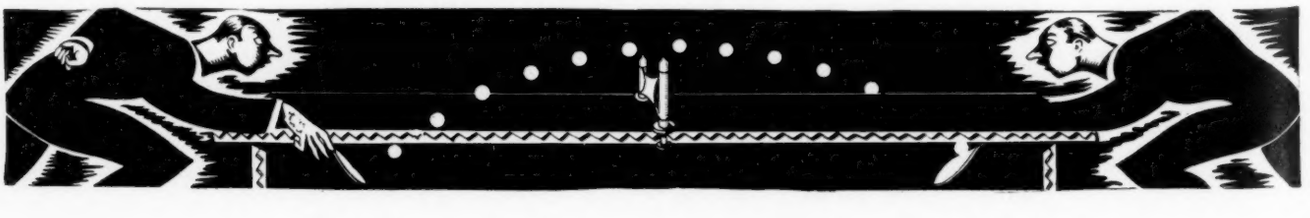
Perhaps this isn't as good as Mr. Hermann Oelrichs' prankish gift to a departing friend a few years past—a bowl of goldfish.

The Theremin

SIX or seven months ago we told how the Russian inventor, Theremin, at a concert in the Plaza, played tunes by waving his hands gently before antennae on a box. Rachmaninoff was there and applauded softly and a woman excitedly exclaimed "*Magnifique!*" It now seems that the contraption is to be manufactured in quantity and placed on the market at a retail price within the reach of practically all. Some announcement may already have been made about this but we have some extra facts. The Radio Corporation, it turns out, sent representatives to an earlier concert Professor Theremin gave before the Engineers' Club and these reported that the thing worked. The radio people thereupon arranged with the foreigner to take over his idea, agreeing to pay royalties which should make him wealthy. The home machine will somewhat resemble a radio set but it will be simpler: just a box with a rod projecting above, a knob to turn, and a plug to fit into a light socket. When the plug is in and the knob turned, the rod sends out wave impulses. The hands, moving through these waves, produce the sounds. The quality of the music depends on how good a musician the player is and how well he has got the hang of the new instrument. By varying the distance of the hands from the rod, one plays the scale; by varying it with finesse one gets quarter-tones. Theremin himself plays classical pieces. It was his rendition of Rubinstein's "Night" and Glinka's "Elegy" that won the applause of Rachmaninoff.

They say the Theremin, as the new music box will probably be called, is much easier to master than the piano or most other musical instruments, and that the children of the future will begin their music study by gesturing before a box. The Radio Corporation, we have it, was chagrined that none of its engineers hit upon the idea, which is, after all, only a simple contrivance for employing static. That terrible demon of the early days of the radio, still a restless and yowling house cat at times, has become an invisible piano.

WE also hear the Radio Corporation people are going ahead with television but are determined not to market an instrument until they can make good ones. This may be within eighteen months. Television is far advanced right now. At the moment receiving sets are being placed in the homes of various officials and employees of the corporation. These are known as "outposts." Soon these will be turned on to pick up moving pictures of world events. The officials and employees will have to make daily reports on the quality of the reception. The recording end of the machinery is giving more trouble than the receiving end. At a football game, for instance, what corresponds to the microphone in sound radio would have to gallivant



around the field as swiftly as the players. The radio engineers expect soon to overcome little problems like that.

Portrait in Oils

WE learn that John D. Rockefeller, the elder, of all people, is at work on an autobiography, intending that it appear posthumously. Always wary of interviewers, a miser as to information concerning himself, he seems to have decided ten years ago to write the story of his life, and began making notes for a volume. It was done cunningly: not even the maids and butlers knew what was in his mind. The accumulation is considerable, however, and recently an experienced writer was called in to help him in his work. Mr. William Inglis, a well-known contributor to the *World* twenty years ago, is the amanuensis, or the collaborator. Some days the two spend several hours at work together. We are told that the autobiography will include an explanation and a defence of Mr. Rockefeller's methods of building up his millions and answer many of his detractors of bygone decades.

o, Doctor, it's mother's knee."
h, I'm sorry."

The Pilot Light

EVEN System understands, if you touch its great heart. A man who lives in Twelfth Street took himself and family into the country for the summer, although he came into town for a couple of days each week. He thus frequently stayed overnight at his town house, but, there being no servants, he did no householding. Early in the season he got to worrying about his gas bill. It developed that the pilot light on the stove had been left on and that it consumed precisely twenty-three cents' worth of gas per month. (He could have shut it off and saved himself much concern, but he never thought of that.) He studied over the first bill. What was he to do? Stamps are not legal tender. There was, he felt, a certain lack of elegance about wrapping up two dimes and three pennies and sending them through the mails. A cheque for so small an amount would be silly; besides, he had an idea that it would be unlawful. He fretted a good deal, and the bill ran on. When finally, at the end of the second month, he got another bill, listing twenty-three cents current charges and twenty-three cents overdue—total, forty-six cents—he decided to lay the whole matter before the gas company and ask them frankly what he ought to do.

He did this in a thoughtfully written letter, and to show that it was not the money but the principle of the thing, he enclosed a dollar on account. Five days later

he got a reply. The company under no circumstances accepted payment in advance and it therefore was enclosing fifty-four cents in stamps. But what pleased him most was the postscript: "We have noted on your account that your bills will henceforth be held in abeyance until they have reached the amount of $1.15."

With this great load off his mind, the gentleman is now burning up some extra gas, just to show he appreciates a favor.

Belles Lettres

MRS. PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE (this is the place to drop out if you don't want to hear about Mrs. Peggy Hopkins Joyce) had a villa on the Riviera this summer—large, and run in considerable style, you better believe. During the season, a Broadway man of letters was invited to call one afternoon. He was received in a large living-room, and no sooner were greetings over than Mrs. Joyce called out to several servants standing about, "Prepare the room for reading." The lackeys and maids sprang about, fluffing up pillows, moving chaises-longues, and adjusting curtains. This completed, Mrs. Joyce commanded, "Bring in the book." A lackey made a rather formal entrance with a volume which Mrs. Joyce took and handed to her guest. She then requested that he sit down and read to her. Somewhat dazed, he did. He discovered that the book was "Mutt and Jeff," but he betrayed no astonishment or emotion, gamely reading the lettering of the comic strips. After this had gone on a few minutes he thought to simplify things by omitting some of the exclamations, such as "Biff!," "Wham!," and "Wank!" (The last is the sound made when a skillet strikes a man's head.) Mrs. Joyce detected these omissions, however, obviously knowing the book by heart, and commanded her visitor not to leave them out. After that he didn't. The afternoon wore away. The Broadway gentleman doesn't know whether his hostess was having him on or not, but he considers it all pretty strange.

Pastoral

CLIMB on our knee, and we will tell you a story about an artist in Westport, Connecticut. One bright sunny morning he was all ready to paint a picture for a very fine coat-and-suit concern, showing a very fine gentleman in evening clothes, for publication in the *Saturday Evening Post*. His model, who was to come from town, failed to show up. There was no time to waste, and the artist, after a bit of fruitless telephoning, finally went out the door and returned later, leading an Italian gardener, who lived in a hut down the road.

He dressed this man in full evening garb, a two-hour feat which exhausted both artist and model. The result, however, was peculiarly pleasing: it turned out that the Latin gentleman, once washed and redecorated, was an ideal fashion plate. Further, he posed for seventy-five cents an hour, as against five dollars. Further, the picture was highly satisfactory to the clothing concern. The arrangement continues, the only difficulty being that the gardener (the *former* gardener, as he now thinks of himself) so loves his elegant raiment that he wears evening dress almost constantly, wandering softly about the fields and ditches, dreaming dreams and getting the pants out of press.

Sunbeam and Simplex

ONE of the most conspicuous automobiles on the streets is a Sunbeam town car, done in tan, inside and out, with all sorts of frills on it. Recently one of our most diligent agents, who had seen it about Manhattan two or three times, encountered it in Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn. Over there it had attracted quite a crowd. People were standing about, wondering whose it was, when a sign-painter working near by stepped up to it, opened the door of the tonneau, took therefrom several cans of paint, and proceeded to mix the contents on the running-board. Several people muttered about the car but the painter didn't say anything. Later the same day, coincidence playing a part, our agent was driving along a Brooklyn street when

HUNT MEET

he saw the car parked before a delicatessen store. He paused, and a moment afterward the same painter came out with a big pot of coffee, got into the car, and drove off. Our agent followed. The man drove up before one of the most pretentious apartments in Ocean Avenue, got out, and went in, through the main entrance. This simply made the mystery deeper. Our man would have gone ahead and solved the whole thing, he says, but it was the day the Zeppelin was over Times Square and he had to get back to Manhattan for that.

This brings us logically to Mr. Tiffany, the jeweller, and his cars. A man drove into an uptown garage with a very old machine, to have something fixed, and remarked to an attendant that probably they didn't see many cars as antiquated as this one of his. To this the garageman replied that Mr. Tiffany has two cars, both of them 1912 Simplex machines, and that he has driven only those two cars since he got them, before the war. They are of the old-fashioned, very high variety, but he has never had any trouble with the engines, and never has thought of getting a newer model.

Sea Story

MAURICE WERTHEIM, of stocks, real estate, and the Theatre Guild, chartered a yacht this summer, loaded it with friends, and took them through the fiords of Norway. He was an interested and a busy host, hurrying about the boat to see that everybody had a good time, was happy, and didn't catch cold; so solicitous that, after two or three weeks, one of his guests remarked, "My, my, Wertheim, I can't get rid of the idea that you're working for me and that I ought to fire you."

About O'Neill

A FRIEND of Eugene O'Neill just returned from a visit to him says that all reports about him have been exaggerated for a long time. It seems that the first wild items about him and his activities in the Far East were caused indirectly by his well-known aversion to publicity. The reporters were startled to find his name on a hotel register and concluded the signer must be an impostor—they didn't believe O'Neill would use his own name. This excited them to begin with, and then O'Neill was elusive, and they got all worked up. This really started the hullabaloo which has kept going ever since. Flamboyant descriptions of the château he has rented in France have exaggerated its grandeur. It is not a show place, simply an old residence on an estate owned by three noble ladies who rented it to the O'Neills furnished, for about half of what a four-room apartment rents in New York. It is without electricity and has but one bath. The former occupants retain the farming and gardening privileges on the estate, which comprises about seven hundred acres.

O'Neill has dammed up a stream for a swimming pool, because he has never been without one on the grounds of any house he has owned or lived in. He still owns Peaked Hill, near Provincetown, the first house he bought after fame and fortune took him out of Greenwich Village; his house on Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda, goes to the second Mrs. O'Neill under the divorce arrangements; and the other one he owned, near Ridgefield, Connecticut, has been sold. The Provincetown house is two miles from that town and hard to reach, through sand and mosquitoes. Even so, a delegation from a woman's college once grimly made its way there to petition him to write a play for the college girls, with eighteen women's parts and no men. The playwright once said, possibly just after that visit, that his ideal home would be an estate in Siberia with a fifteen-foot wall and Russian wolfhounds inside and out.

O'Neill has abandoned, at least for the time being, the two remaining parts of the religious trilogy which began with "Dynamo," and is working on a new play. It won't be finished until well into 1930 and will not be produced until next season at the earliest. He used to write two full-length plays and some one-act pieces every year, but henceforth he expects to do no more than one long play every two seasons. He recently revised "Dynamo" for publication, so thoroughly that his friends believe it deserves to be reviewed all over again. He cut the minister entirely out of the last act, added two new scenes, and otherwise altered the play. Of late years he has been cutting and changing his plays in various details every time a new edition is brought out.

Wrong Right Number

AN indignant gentleman called Lexington 3209 and got his number. "I want to report a dive on West Forty-fifth Street," he began, meaning a speakeasy, when a thin prim voice at the other end of the wire interrupted. "We have nothing to do with contests conducted at public baths," it remarked, and nobody seemed to be getting anywhere until the gentleman thought of asking with whom he was talking. It turned out that he was connected with the Boy Scouts of America, whose telephone number now is Lexington 3209. Before that, it belonged to the Prohibition Administrator of New York.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"No tricks now!"

FRIGIDITY IN MEN

A Leaf from a Sex Book

I HESITATE to approach the subject of male unresponsiveness. Frigidity in men is a theme sociologists have avoided. Frigidity in women, on the other hand, forms a vast chapter in the sex research of today; the part it plays in marital discord is known to students of sociology as well as to the lay reader, although probably less well. It has occupied the attention of many noted writers, and has taken the lives of such men as Zaner and Tithridge, who carried some of their experiments too far. (Tithridge especially.)

Any discussion of frigidity in men calls for an unusual degree of frankness on the part of the writer, since it entails such factors as the "recessive knee," "Fuller's retort," and the "declination of the kiss." Sex is less than fifty years old, yet it has upset the whole western world. The sublimation of sex, called Love, is of course much older—although many purists will question the existence of Love prior to about 1885 on the grounds that there can be no sublimation of a non-existent feeling. And that brings us to our real theme, namely, frigidity in men.

THE first symptom of frigidity in men is what I call the "recessive knee." Simply stated, the phenomenon is this: occasions arise sometimes when a girl presses her knee, ever so gently, against the knee of the young man she is out with. The juxtaposing of the knee is brought about by any of a thousand causes. Often the topic of conversation has something to do with it: the young people, talking along pleasantly, will suddenly experience a sensation of compatibility, or of friendliness, or of pity, or of community-of-interests. One of them will make a remark singularly agreeable to the other person—a chance word or phrase that seems to establish a bond between them. Such a remark can cause the knee of the girl to be placed against the knee of the young man. Or, if the two people are in a cab, the turning of a sharp corner will do it. In canoes, the wash from a larger vessel will bring it about. In restaurants and dining-rooms it often takes place under the table, as though by accident. On divans, sofas, settees, couches, davenports, and the like, the slight twist of the young lady's body incident to receiving a light for her cigarette will cause it. I could go on indefinitely, but there is no need. It is not a hard push, you understand—rather the merest touch of knee to knee, light as the brush of a falling blossom against one's cheek, and just as lovely.

Now, a normal male in whom there are no traces of frigidity will allow his knee to retain its original position, sometimes even exerting a very slight counter-pressure. A frigid male, however, will move his knee away at the first suggestion of contact, denying himself the electric stimulus of love's first stirring. Why? That is what my research was conducted to discover. *I found that in ninety-three per cent of all cases, the male was suspicious; in four per cent he was ignorant; and in three per cent he was tired.* I have presented these figures to the American Medical Association and am awaiting a reply.

It is the female's subtlety in her laying-on of the knee that annoys the male, I found. His recession is for the purpose of reassuring himself of his own integrity and perspicacity. If the female were to juxtapose in a forthright manner, if she were to preface her gesture with the remark: "I am thinking of letting my knee touch yours for the fun of it, Mortimer," she might gain an entirely different response from the male.

It was a young Paterson, New Jersey, girl by the name of Lillian Fuller who let drop the remark that has epitomized, for the sociological and anthropological world, the phenomenon of the recessive knee. "Fuller's retort" is now a common phrase in the realm of psychotherapy.

Miss Fuller was an unusually beautiful woman—young, accurate, sensitive. She was greatly attached to a man several years her senior in the buffing department; wanted to marry him. To this end she had laid her knee against his innumerable times without a single return of pressure. His frigidity, she realized, was gradually becoming prejudicial to his mental health, and so one evening after experiencing for the hundredth time the withdrawal of his knee, she simply turned to him with a quiet smile playing on her face and said: "Say, what is the matter with you, anyway?"

Her retort somehow summed up the whole question of frigidity in men.

THE second great symptom of frigidity is the "declination of the kiss." [1] Many men have told me that they would not object to sex were it not for its contactual aspect. That is, they said they would be perfectly willing to express their eroticism if it could be done at a reasonable distance—say fifty paces. These men (the frigid-*plus* type) found kissing intolerable. When they had an opportunity to kiss a young lady, they declined. They made it plain that they would be willing to blow a kiss across the room from

[1] Now we're getting down to business.

• •

"I just thought to tell you of it, my dear; today I bought the loveliest tea wagon."

"We only look at drawings between ten and ten-thirty in the morning. Our afternoons are reserved for creative work."

• •

their hand, but not execute it with their lips.

I analyzed scores of these cases, questioning both the women and the men. (The women were mad as hornets.) I found that a small number of the kiss-declining men were suffering from a pathology of the eyes—either astigmatism or farsightedness—so that when they got close enough to kiss a girl, she blurred on them.[2] The vast majority of cases, however, were quite different. Their unwillingness I traced to a much subtler feeling than eye-strain. Your true anti-contactual, or kiss-decliner, is a very subtle individual indeed.

In effect, he is a throwback to another period in history, specifically to the Middle Ages. He is a biological sport. (Note: this is very confusing, calling him a "sport," because the ordinary "sport" is not a kiss-decliner at all, anything but. If there are any of you who think you are going to find the use of the word "sport" in this connection so confusing as to make the rest of the chapter unintelligible, I wish you would drop out.)

No one can quite comprehend the motives and the successes of a kiss-decliner who does not recall his counterpart in medieval history. In the Middle Ages, when men were lusty and full of red meat, their women expected as much. A baronial fellow, finishing his meal, made no ado about kissing a Middle Age woman. He just got up from the table and kissed her. Bango, and she was kissed. Love had a simple directness which was not disturbed until the arrival, in the land, of the *Minnesingers*. It got so no baronial hall of the Middle Ages was free from the *Minnesingers*. They kept getting in. They would bring their harps with them, and after dinner they would twang a couple of notes and then sing a frail, delicate song to the effect that women should be worshipped from afar, rather than possessed. To a baron who had just drunk a goblet of red wine, this new concept of womanhood was very, very funny. While he was chuckling away to himself and cutting himself another side of beef, his wife, who had listened attentively to the song, would slip out into the alley behind the castle and there the *Minnesinger* would join her.

"Sing that one again," she would say.

"Which one?"

"That one about worshipping me from a little distance. I want to hear that one again."

The *Minnesinger* would oblige. Then he would illustrate the theme by not kissing the woman but dancing off

[2] Incidentally, I might say that this blurring of the female before the eyes of the male is not entirely unpleasant. It's kind of fun.

lightly down the hill, throwing his harp up into the air and catching it again as he went.

"What a nice young man," the baron's wife would think, as she slowly turned and went in to bed.

The kiss-decliner of today is a modern *Minnesinger*. He is a sport in that he has varied suddenly from the normal type—which is still baronial. By the mere gesture of declining a kiss, a man can still make quite a lot of ground, even in these depleted days. The woman thinks: "He would not dream of embracing my body; now that's pretty white of him!" Of course, it would be wrong to ascribe motives of sheer deliberateness to the frigid male. Often he is not a bad sort—merely is a fellow who prefers an imagined kiss to the real kind. An imagined kiss is more easily controlled, more thoroughly enjoyed, and less cluttery than an actual kiss. To kiss in dream is wholly pleasant. First, the woman is the one of your selection, not just anyone who happens to be in your arms at the moment. Second, the deed is garnished with a little sprig of glamour which the mind, in exquisite t a s t e, contributes. Third, the lips, imaginatively, are placed just so, the right hand is placed just so, the concurrent thoughts arrive, just so. Except for the fact that the whole episode is a little bit stuffy, it is a superior experience all round. When a kiss becomes actual, anything is likely to happen. The lips, failing of the mark, may strike lightly against the end of the lady's nose, causing the w h o l e adventure to crack up; or the right hand may come in contact with the hard jagged part of the shoulder blade; or, worst of all, the man's thoughts may not clothe the moment with the proper splendor: he may be worrying a b o u t something.

So you see, frigidity in men has many aspects, many angles. To me it is vastly more engrossing than frigidity in women, which is such a simple phenomenon you wonder anybody bothers about it at all.

—E. B. W.

SURRENDER

Take the brief flower and the whistling wood:
  Summer is broken and I have no need.
I cannot find the path, nor where I stood
  To watch the maple letting down its seed.
There was a brook I crossed; its voice is gone.
  A different sky is cancelled in the lake.
There is no music in the winter dawn,
  There is no brilliance in the falling flake.
After cloud-shadows and the firefly dusk,
  The star that tangled in the apple tree,
Summer is but a little trace of musk,
  A signature of sweet inconstancy.
All that was happy seemed of her design:
Take the brief flower, it was never mine.

—David McCord

• •

"Oooh!—you devil-dog!"

LARGE COFFEE

NOTE: Readers of the daily papers will recall a paragraph printed earlier this week to the effect that the body of a Mr. Lardner was found in a New York hotel room by a house officer who had broken in after the chambermaids had reported that they had rapped on the door every day for over a fortnight and had received no response, and were disposed to believe that the occupant of the room would need a clean towel if living, and perhaps two of them if dead. The occupant was in the last-named condition or worse. Dressed as usual in pajamas, he was sprawled out on the floor, his head crushed in by a blow from some blunt instrument, probably another hotel. At the time the item appeared, there was mention of the discovery of a diary. It now develops that one really was unearthed and turned over to the police, who used parts of it as curl papers for Grover Whalen. We have acquired the mechanical rights to the balance and herewith publish extracts from it as a human document of particular interest to men and women who, like the writer thereof, have been battered and broken by an insensate world.

FRIDAY, MAY 31

TODAY I registered and was assigned this room, 657, which is to be my home through most of the summer. At a conference of my wife and children, it was decided that I ought to contribute something to their support and they recommended that I do a little writing for the magazines or newspapers. I told them this would be impossible in our hut on Long Island unless they and the neighbors agreed to become hermits so that my mind would not be constantly distracted by the knowledge that other people were having fun. It is my plan to visit the family one day in the middle of each week, not at the week-end when there seems to be a tendency to drink cocktails and expect you to sit by, look on and like it. The hotel is giving me a rate of $4.00 a day, really a bargain because the room has a window. You can look right into other people's rooms on the courtyard if they don't keep their shades down. O diary, I hope it's a hot summer. (EDITORS' NOTE: Did he get his hope?)

SUNDAY, JUNE 2

I spent so much thought yesterday and this morning on what I would have sent up for breakfast that when I sat down at the typewriter, my mind was too tired to work. I spoke of this over the telephone (my only means of communication with the outside world) to a friend and he advised me to make a selection of a few nourishing and inoffensive victuals, commit them to memory and order them every morning. I then asked him what to do about the coffee problem, which is something of a problem to me. You see, when you drink lots of coffee you can kind of kid yourself into believing it's something else, so for breakfast I always want four cups. What I mean is enough coffee to fill one cup four times. Yesterday morning I said to the order clerk, "Two orders of coffee," and the result was two small pots of coffee, each containing enough for two cups. But the set-up, as I believe they call it, was for two people; there were two cereal dishes, two plates for my bacon and eggs and two cups for my coffee. This lay-out congested the table, leaving no space for my shoe tree. So this morning I said, "Two orders of coffee, but served for one person." The result was a small pot of coffee, containing enough for two cups. Well, my friend said I would have to work this out for myself; the only advice he could give me was ridiculous—that I give up coffee. This evening I will try to think of a solution and also select a permanent breakfast so there will be no more brain fag or waste of time.

"Sure the farm paid, but I wanted city life."

FRIDAY, JUNE 7

The breakfast I have picked out for the summer consists of orange juice, corn flakes, medium hard boiled eggs and buttered toast. Boiled eggs are preferable to other kinds because they don't bring you two plates for them even if your coffee order makes them believe you are two people. I selected toast instead of plain rolls or sweet rolls because the sweet ones are too filling and messy, and the plain ones are made in Bethlehem, Pa. The toast is also immune, but you have to say something when the order clerk insists. The coffee situation is just as baffling as a week ago. One morning I said, "I am living alone, but I drink four cups of coffee." I got a large pot of coffee and four cups. Another morning I said, "Double coffee, served for one." I got a large pot of coffee, two cups and two orders of tooth-proof toast. Yesterday I asked the waiter how much a large pot of coffee cost. He said it was sixty cents. So this morning I said to the order clerk, "One orange juice, one corn flakes, one medium hard boiled eggs, one buttered toast and sixty cents worth of coffee." "Coffee," she replied, "is only thirty cents a pot." "But I want twice as much as that." "Oh, all right. You want two orders." "Yes, but I'm not two people." I got one small pot of coffee.

MONDAY, JULY 8

It is the hottest summer in history. Everybody on our court is free and easy. Formality and modesty have been thrown to the winds, if there are any. A business woman who looks like Tom Heeney and has a red splotch under her left shoulder blade is occupying the room just opposite. She is out all day and goes to bed at eight and reads the Brooklyn telephone directory. The electric light in my bathroom wouldn't work today and I wanted to shave on account of the waiters. I told the floor clerk to send me the electrician. Pretty soon a plumber came and turned on everything but the light. "I don't see anything wrong," he said. "The light

won't turn on," I said. "Oh," said he. "You want the electrician." The electrician came. I said, "The light won't turn on in the bathroom and I know the bulb isn't burned out because I tried another bulb and it wouldn't work." So the electrician tried another bulb and found it wouldn't work. "It must be something else," he said. He found the trouble and fixed it. This may have no bearing on the case, but I want to tell all.

I have been getting my large pot of coffee every morning, but never with less than two cups and nearly always with two egg cups, two dishes for cereal and two orders of toast.

FRIDAY, JULY 12

Double coffee, large coffee, enough coffee for four cups, sixty cents worth of coffee, enough coffee for two people served for one person. I have thought I might ask Percy Hammond to come and room with me, but that would only mean six or eight cups on the same-sized table. An assistant manager called me up at twenty minutes to three this morning and said somebody had just complained that I was using a typewriter. What the hell does Mrs. Heeney think I moved in here for, to be near Gimbel Brothers?

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22

Yesterday morning I got what I wanted and I called right back and asked for the order clerk. "Are you the only order clerk?" "Oh, no." "Well, are you the one that just took the order for 657?" "Yes. Was it wrong?" "No. It was right. Now listen, I'm not trying to start a flirtation, but what is your name?" "If there's any complaint, I'll connect you with the superintendent." "There's no complaint, but I want your name so I can give you my order every morning." "Well, my name is Foley." "Thanks, Miss Foley. And when I call you tomorrow and other mornings, please do as you just did—send me a large pot of coffee and only one cup."

Every day the paper says cooler tomorrow. They ought to put that with the rest of the comics. A mystifying combination of tenants has taken the room across the court. There are two young women and a man. They can't be going to stay in town very long because the women apparently haven't brought anything but nightgowns and when the man isn't in B. V. D's he's out of them. I feel as if some time I would almost have to shout at them, "Don't you want a fourth for bridge?"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

The worst has happened. Miss Foley "isn't here any more." My house was built on sand. I've got to start all over again and work up from the bottom.

And I'm pretty sure that late tonight I will lean out the window and holler, "Hey! Don't you want a fourth for strip bridge?"

—RING LARDNER

"Ah, the rector's back."

"I'm surprised at you, Hermann, leavin' off a onion from a lady's hamburger."

• •

OF ALL THINGS

PREMIER MACDONALD announces he will not attend any private dinners in Washington. Thus the spineless old pacifist ruins a lovely social war the ladies were planning in his honor.

•

There is a rumor that Hudson Clarke, Jr., of the famous ex-banker family, has a new wife and motor car. The depositors naturally want to know who is paying for the upkeep of same.

•

Intelligent people in Boston resent the mayor's action on "Strange Interlude" and say he is holding up the city to ridicule. Yes, folks are beginning to snicker about Boston Bans.

•

Our admiration goes to the chemist who split hydrogen into two parts. There is a giant intellect which could understand the directions for building a homebrew radio set.

•

Perhaps it is just as well that there is to be no joint encampment of the Blue and the Gray. There was always a danger that the old boys would start the thing all over again.

•

Benjamin I. Taylor, a Westchester County politician, turns Republican and admits that he has been wrong for twenty years. To square himself with us he will have to be wrong for another twenty.

•

The city primaries were the dullest on record. It was so quiet you could practically hear William M. Bennett splash when he struck oblivion.

•

The Square Deal Party has nominated Enright for mayor. The theory is that the ex-Commissioner of Police will inherit ex-Mayor Hylan's ex-boom.

•

A Staten Island bachelor says he knows who the pants burglars really are. This jest, however, has passed the age limit and been retired on half pay.

•

Philadelphia sticks to Vare, thus following the wise old rule not to swap bosses in the middle of the stream.

•

There is still much resentment here over Waggoner's act of defrauding our banks out of half a million dollars. It is considered bad form to leave this town with unspent money.

•

A Brooklyn rector has cordially invited the negroes of his congregation to go to heaven in a separate car. All we have heard so far are cries of "Bah, bah, Blackshear!"

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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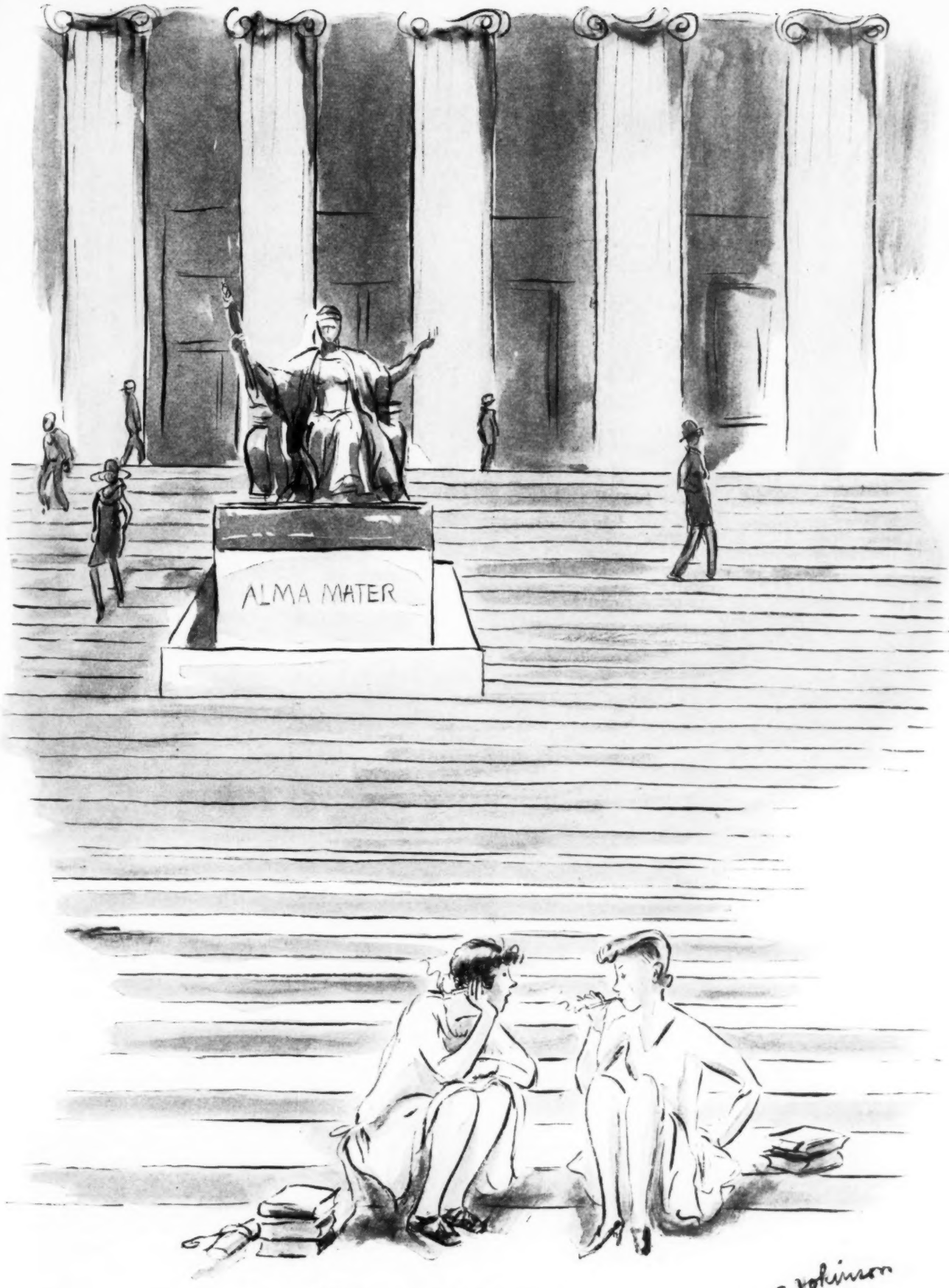
MASCULINIZATION

The Rapid Process of the Defeminization of Our Women, as Illustrated in the News Journals

THE LOCALE	THE CIRCUMSTANCES	THE DEFEMINIZATION
San Francisco	The Custom House had to install a large cuspidor in the women's room	Women careless with matches, cigarette butts, etc.
Danville, Va.	Police accused Mrs. Villa Dryman of beating up love rival with blackjack	"I did not use a blackjack; I used my fist."
Mt. Grove, Mo.	Town Marshall Hinkle tried to quell a fight between high-school girls	Handled so viciously the fire department was called out to rescue him.
Columbus, O.	Harriet Nowland refused to file affidavit against gentleman friend who cut her up in an argument	"I'll take care of him myself. Then I'll know it's done properly."
Asbury Park, N. J.	Women of the Mooseheart Legion held a chapter meeting	Advertised it as a "Smoker, for women only."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



"Do you know, I smoked for years before I enjoyed it."

PROFILES

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

Dr. Harry Laity Bowlby

IN 1911, at the tenth reunion of his class at Princeton, the Reverend Dr. Harry Laity Bowlby paused in front of the decennial book and searched his mind for an appropriate sentiment. He had enjoyed himself, if somewhat vicariously, at the jollification of his more worldly brothers. Exuding friendship, he was eager to express approval blended with the hope that further progress in alumni deportment might be made. So he wrote for the edification of ribald fellow-members of '01:

"I was glad to see improvement at reunion headquarters. I wonder if the first class of the century cannot be first in moral influence in every way. Fellows, let's try to better some things."

There is nothing to indicate that the class took this advice to heart and heightened the moral tone of subsequent get-togethers. The inscription set down in a flowing ministerial hand on that fair June day in 1911 is of interest chiefly for the light it sheds on the character of the Reverend Dr. Bowlby. Within two years he was to become general secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance of the United States. Within a decade he had achieved national notoriety as a grim, Puritanical reformer. He was caricatured as a fanatic, furiously bent upon the enforcement of ancient blue laws.

DR. BOWLBY was deeply hurt by this harsh public conception. Admitting his opposition to Sunday golf, Sunday motion pictures and theatricals, even Sunday trains to Coney Island, he still denied that he sought to make the Sabbath a drab and dreary day. On the contrary, his object was "to put the sun in Sunday—to defend and preserve the Lord's Day as a day of rest and worship." There were innumerable ways "for people to amuse themselves without desecrating the Sabbath." They might "walk out in the fields," or visit museums and parks. Dr. Bowlby sought earnestly to disabuse his public of the idea that he was a crape-hanger, and on a memorable day in early 1920 conceived a phrase which has since become the battle cry of the Lord's Day Alliance.

"The Sunday laws for which we stand," he said, "are not blue laws. They are genuine American, or Red, White, and Blue laws. This is a Christian country."

He fights valiantly against the importation of the institution known as the "Continental Sunday." It may suit the peoples of Europe to take religion casually, to spend most of the day drinking beer to the accompaniment of yodelling and music. America was settled by sterner folk and Sunday, here, should be devoted to "creation in the fullest sense." It must stand for an "intensification of home life, a happy gathering of father, mother, and children." Those who have lately landed on these shores, and who recall the merry Sabbaths of their home countries, must be made to appreciate this fact. Jewish shopkeepers, accustomed to worship their God on Saturday, must be educated. It is, therefore, entirely proper for the Alliance to send sleuths down into the labyrinths of New York's East Side to spy on kosher delicatessen keepers.

For some years Dr. Bowlby was certain that reiteration of these truths would silence his critics. When it did not, he was surprised as well as grieved. In 1923 he faced a counter-offensive. The citizens of New Jersey were incensed because of a vigorous campaign against cinema palaces and decided upon retaliation. They discovered that a Catholic priest of Union Hill had been giving a version of the Passion Play, called upon the police to arrest him, and expressed irreverent delight when he was fined one dollar for violating the law endorsed by the Lord's Day Alliance. Dr. Bowlby was forced to deny reports that his organization had inspired the prosecution. It had been a trick to discredit him, he said, and he has been cautious ever since about working in New Jersey.

BEING strangely sensitive, Dr. Bowlby's task has not been an easy one. Appearing before congressional and legislative committees in behalf of stricter Sunday laws, he boasts that twenty Protestant sects with a possible membership of twenty million Christians stand behind him. Actually, he yearns for a more diversified appreciation. He now gives the impression that the purpose of the Alliance is sociological rather than ecclesiastical. He talks less about church attendance and the viciousness of Sunday motoring. Instead, he calls attention to the fact that the Alliance persuaded a hard-hearted government to close first and second-class post offices on the Sabbath. He exhibits resolutions of gratitude adopted by the postal workers. In his crusade against Sunday theatrical performances he worked with the cordial coöperation of the Actors' Equity Association. In banning the blacking of boots he won the effusive gratitude of the shoeshiners' guild. It was a fractional minority which protested that he had robbed it of its most profitable day, and which sent him alarming Black Hand threats.

In his protests against the theory that he is a dour fellow who wears a stovepipe hat and a mortician's frock coat, Dr. Bowlby might seem to be following the example of other twentieth-century reformers. The current type has none of the pugnacity of an Anthony Comstock. Mr. Sumner of the Vice Society, for example, once wrote a magazine essay explaining that he loved "the sunshine, the moonlight, trees, green fields, and the restless ocean." So repeated are such assertions, indeed, that one grows suspicious and concludes

that some master strategist is behind it all.

Any thought that Dr. Bowlby is filled with guile fades, however, as it becomes clear that he clings with wistful determination to memories of days when he preached no cause, when he faced life in the raw. This was when he roomed at Princeton with a junior who was correspondent for the Associated Press. It was necessary for the youthful Bowlby—he was known as "Bowlb" at Princeton—to earn some of his expenses, and the reporter-roommate offered to initiate him into the mysteries of news gathering. That same year he sent items to the New York *Press*. In April, 1899, he succeeded to the important post of Associated Press correspondent. So far removed was he from his later rôle as foe of all Sunday labor that he filed despatches on Sunday night without a qualm. It is rumored that he emphatically expressed his approval of Sunday newspapers, which he now would have suppressed, since their bulk offered a lucrative field for the writings of a young man paid by the column.

"I earned my way through the University completely," he recalls with satisfaction.

There is nothing of the reformer, and little of the cleric, about Dr. Bowlby as he dwells on that happy period of his life. The years have added a hard surface polish to the affability once so valuable in wheedling gossip from coroners and police sergeants. His voice has taken on that booming, hearty note which pulpit orators never quite lose. But he is still friendly and amiable. He likes to talk, and his eyes gleam behind his tortoise-shell spectacles as he relates the adventures of the days when he was a reporter. He enjoys, also, telling of an exciting season when he was champion of an East Orange, New Jersey, tennis club, and a stimulating afternoon when he pitched the ministers' baseball team of Altoona, Pennsylvania, to victory: no small achievements for a man below medium height. It is only when he faces the enemies of the "American Sunday" that Dr. Bowlby grows stern. Then the corners of his mouth turn down. Then one notices that his garb—a plain blue suit, a stringy tie, and a stiff collar—is definitely that of a man with a serious mission.

THE custodian of the Fourth Commandment was born near Asbury, New Jersey, in 1874, where he grew up to be an energetic, rather scholarly, dark-haired youth with an argumentative streak which brought local fame as a debater. He prepared at Blair Academy and went to Princeton, where he was profoundly impressed

"Oh my! Some girl is going to be just crazy about him some day."

by a professor named Woodrow Wilson, under whom he studied jurisprudence and politics. That experience nearly, but not quite, made a Democrat of Dr. Bowlby. He voted for Wilson in 1912 and 1916, and feels that he might again cast his lot with the party should "the Democrats put up the right man and platform." To date they have not done so, and he is a registered Republican. At Princeton he would have led a colorless existence had it not been for his newspaper activities. He knew no girls, belonged to no clubs, and suppressed any tendency to join in the more bawdy undergraduate activities. But that he enjoyed himself, on the whole, is indicated by his zeal in attending all class reunions.

HE had not finished high school when, in the middle nineties, he was deeply moved by an evangelist at Dover, New Jersey. He did not reach a decision until years later, and for a time considered journalism, but he could never still the inner voice which began to speak at that time. Eventually he entered Princeton Theological Seminary. Then followed a summons to the First Presbyterian Church of Altoona and a decade of preaching in that mountain town. In 1913 he was invited to become secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, a national organization with headquarters in New York and Washington, which works with affiliated alliances in many of the states. It had been droning along since 1888 and needed new blood. The work appealed to Dr. Bowlby and he accepted, although the salary was one thousand dollars less than that of his Altoona pulpit. He still receives less than many city preachers.

"I set out, like Abraham, not knowing where I was going," Dr. Bowlby remembers.

He was hardly prepared for the storm and stress which lay ahead. To a country parson, there was nothing radical in stricter Sunday laws. In denouncing Sunday motoring, he did no more than every other preacher looking down from the pulpit on empty pews. All ministers feared the competition of Sunday movies. The difference lay in the fact that Dr. Bowlby, as spokesman for the Alliance, was reaching an audience he had never known before. What had been merely good Presbyterian doctrine became an attack on human liberties, and Dr. Bowlby was the target for editorial denunciation throughout the country. Having believed himself in full harmony with liberal thought, the new head of the Alliance was at first shocked. Then he straightened his shoulders, set his jaw, and announced that he was willing to fight. Every form of commercialism, including the sale of soda pop, must be stopped. School children must be made to prepare their Monday homework on Saturday. Eventually all this would be written into the law of the land by amending the federal constitution.

For some years Dr. Bowlby was in a highly excited state. He forgot that he had been hired for the sole purpose of Sabbath purification. By 1917 he was also lamenting that "the lecherous eye is filled with the unclothed limbs of women and children." He welcomed tentative offers of coöperation from the Anti-Saloon League, endorsed its activities, and roared defiance to all critics of moral movements. It was "the old Puritan Sabbath which hatched the Fourth of July," he said. "The Declaration of Independence was not born in a Chicago beer dive on a Sunday afternoon."

"Not by a jugful!" he added, forgetting that this was a most unfortunate metaphor.

In time, of course, Dr. Bowlby's normal calm was restored. He did not abandon the principles for which he had shouted so loudly, but he discarded the crusader's cloak. Instead of defiance he offered catchy phrases: such as the one about Red, White, and Blue laws. The alliance with the prohibition enthusiasts never took place. Dr. Bowlby may today shake his head sadly as he watches thousands flock to the links and beaches on Sunday, but he does not scold. He now believes that it is probably safe to play on Sunday as long as divine service is attended some time during the day. All he asks is that those who do so consider the plight of the chauffeurs, caddies, and life guards who are forced to labor on the Sabbath in their behalf. He can now face the probability that Coney Island will continue to draw the masses. It may not be "a very fit place," but "the shore and the sea air are there." It is not, he concedes, the business of the Lord's Day Alliance to close down the resort.

HE is far happier in the tranquil days that have returned. Dr. Bowlby never learned the first lesson

of the true reformer—to delight in ridicule, to glory in abuse. Nor has he any desire to be a martyr; life is complicated enough without that. The true explanation of his devotion to the "American Sunday" may rest in the fact that he is sincerely appalled over the complexities of modern life. He feels that he truly serves his fellow men when he points out that Sunday is now "too filled with irritations—too full of business worries for some and plain drudgery for others." To him, the Sabbath is best spent quietly at his home in East Orange, with Mrs. Bowlby and their young daughter, after church in the morning. Dr. Bowlby has so organized his life that excitement, save during infrequent battles with the Lord's adversaries, is rare. He has grown a little old for much tennis, or for baseball, and he has no hobbies. He cannot comprehend why men who rush madly about for six days each week are not prayerfully glad to rest on the seventh, why they do not welcome a comfortable Presbyterian sermon in some sheltered church where the noise of the world is deadened.

Dr. Bowlby really knows very little about the mass of his fellow men. A gentleman of simple tastes and few requirements, he fails to realize that most of them are less fortunate than himself. On one occasion he was asked whether tenement dwellers, living in filth and squalor, should not be offered any form of recreation which would take them out of the slums on Sunday. Dr. Bowlby looked troubled, and then offered a wholly original solution for the tenement-house problem.

"If they haven't any real homes," he said, "observance of the Sabbath will correct that situation more than anything else I know of."

—Henry F. Pringle

•

THE ROMANTICIST

The savor of the sour grape,
Untouched, upon her tongue
Leaves still a sweeter flavor
Than ripe fruit lower hung.
A stitch in time might save her nine
But she would rather go
In rags across the mountain top
Than sit at home and sew,
And if her fingers once might hold
False coin the pixy pays,
She'd risk, though glitter isn't gold,
The disenchanted days.

—Jean Batchelor

THE THEATRE

GOOD NEWS

IT is a pleasure to announce the first crocus of civilization to appear in the new season, a comedy by Preston Sturges called "Strictly Dishonorable." If, when the season fades, there has been one other as nice as this, it will have been a good season for me. I have a feeling that if there *is* another, Mr. Sturges will have written it.

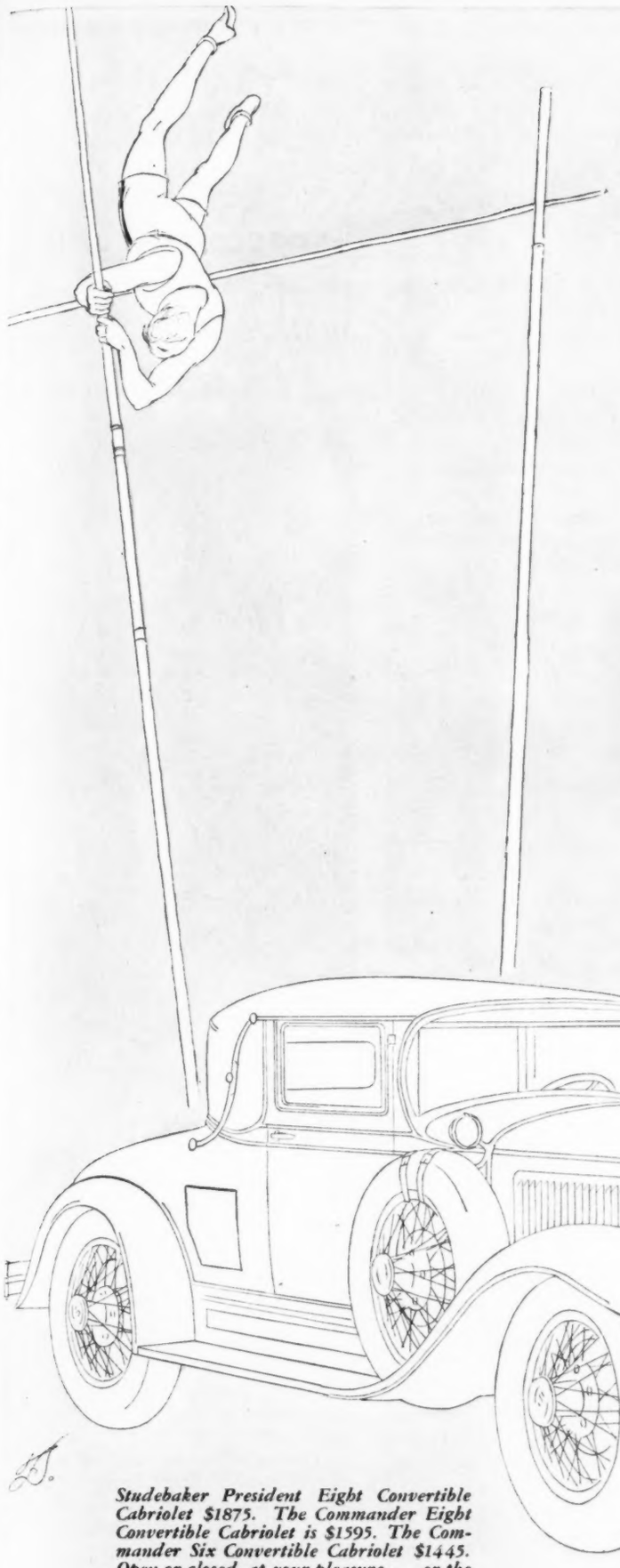
The story of "Strictly Dishonorable" is easily told and calls for no great powers of narration. A young girl from Mississippi is abandoned in one of the more refined speakeasies by her fiancé because she was not incensed at the polite attention of an Italian opera singer. The opera singer, as so often happens, has an apartment on the floor above and offers his emergency couch to the young lady for the night. His intentions, as he candidly admits as the first-act curtain falls, are "strictly dishonorable." Then follows one of the prettiest light-comedy acts it has been my privilege to cover in a reportorial capacity. The young lady, in her ingenuously docile submission to the bludgeonings of Fate, displays such a childlike interest in the proceedings that the seducer is moved to toss her a large Teddy Bear and to leave for the apartment across the hall for the night. The last act fools everybody by maintaining the high standard of the other two.

If any readers of this paper go to see "Strictly Dishonorable" and write in saying that I have sent them to a salacious comedy, they will automatically brand themselves as nasty-minded old reprobates. The near-seduction scene is one of the cleanest and most sanitary episodes in the theatre today. This is owing partly to Mr. Sturges' writing of it and partly to the manner in which it is played by Miss Muriel Kirkland and Mr. Tullio Carminati. Miss Kirkland, aside from performing the miracle of making a southern accent inoffensive on the stage, emerges suddenly from practically nowhere as a contender for at least one of the season's bay leaves. And the rest of the cast, under the direction of Mr. Pemberton, the producer, and Antoinette Perry, lend just the right sort of support. Mr. Edward J. McNamara, fresh from a lifetime in "The Ladder," does an especially powerful piece of work as a minion of the Law. It is he who replies to the statement that a policeman never drinks while on duty by saying that it just *seems* like never.

It should also be noted that Mr. Pemberton again places himself among the super-realists of the theatre by having an opera-singer hero who can really

"GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY"

This is the little after-theatre supper in that talkie with songs and dancing contrived from Avery Hopwood's old farce. The gay table-dancer is Ann Pennington and that ardent young thing precipitating herself upon the portly gentleman is Winnie Lightner in one of her more acrobatic moments.



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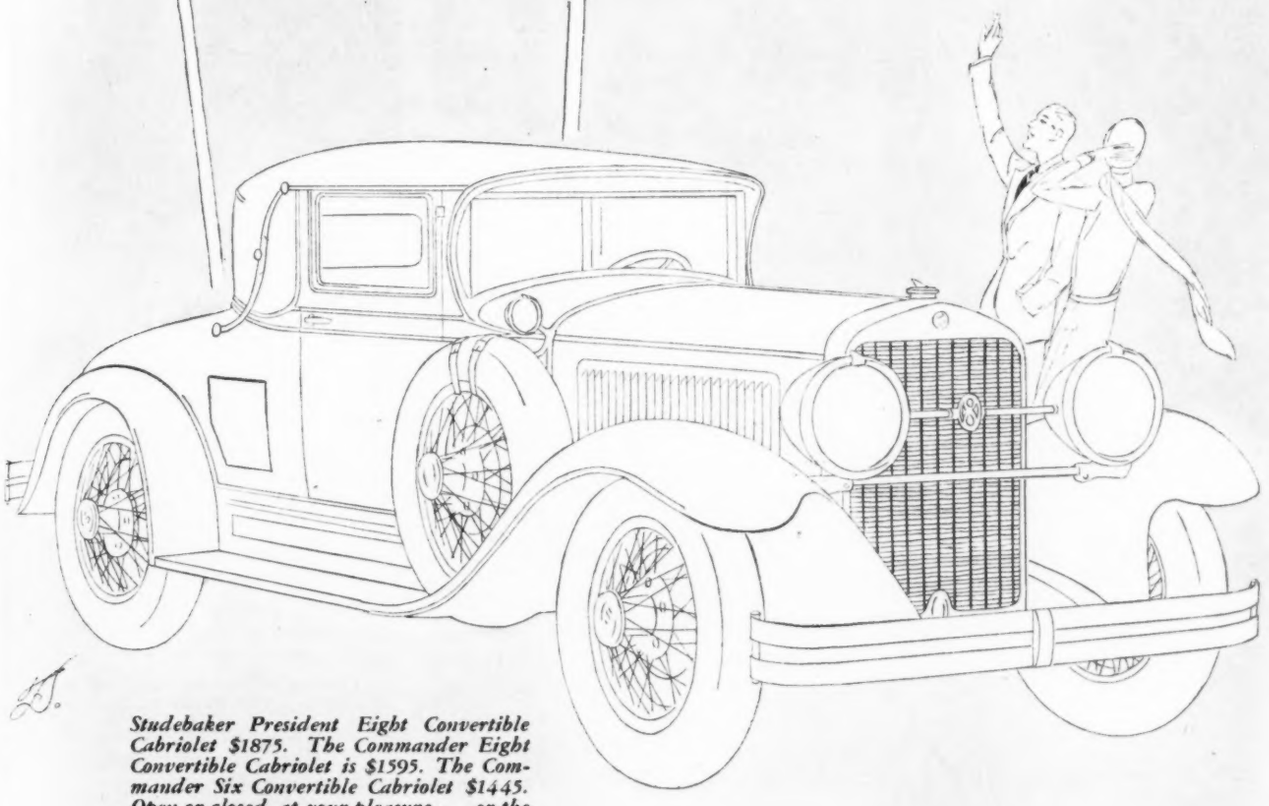

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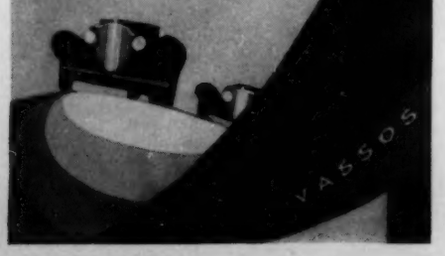
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask
the man
who owns one



sing and a piano which is really played by the person sitting at it.

"A STRONG MAN'S HOUSE" would have been a great deal worse than it is if Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd had not written it. Mr. Dodd is a writer of distinction in other lines and his natural sense of balance has come to his aid in keeping his play from being tawdry or banal. But his sense of the theatre, so promisingly displayed in his earlier play, "The Changelings," was not strong enough to keep him from writing a pretty tiresome drama. With Mary Nash as a scheming and predatory trained nurse and Lester Vail as the young heir to a great manufacturing estate who falls into her clutches, something ought to have been done which would have kept your interest from dragging on the ground as it does. Aside from the curtain to the second act, there is little to whip up even a mild curiosity as to the outcome. And, as I write this, I forget exactly what the second-act curtain was. I know that it was better than the rest of the show, because I made a note of it on my program.

ALTHOUGH "Rope's End" (known in London as "Rope") is one of the most macabre of murder dramas, with a body hidden in a chest on which are spread cucumber sandwiches and chicken patties for a buffet supper, its chief claim to distinction lies in its comedy. The play's pretensions as serious melodrama being based on the ability of one man to stand beside another and, without being detected, extract a theatre-ticket stub from the latter's upper waistcoat pocket, this part of the affair may be dismissed with a supercilious shrug of one or both shoulders.

But the comedy lines can not be so dismissed. During the supper party several people are exceedingly amusing. You forget that there is a corpse present, although probably the author never intended that you should. The vague matron (aunt of the deceased) who never gives a quite satisfactory answer to any question, the young lady to whom everything is "weird," and especially Mr. Ernest Milton in his outline of the impossibility of adhering to such ancient tribal strictures as the Ten

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Ballroom reservations for the social season may now be made.

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People who work indoors need this health protection

says Italy's great intestinal specialist

PROF. DR. PAOLO ALESSANDRINI is chief physician of all the hospitals of Rome. At the University of Rome he lectures on diseases of stomach and intestines. So crowded are his days that he rises at three in the morning to write the medical articles which have made him known to doctors everywhere. He bears the title of Chevalier of the Italian Crown.

"TO check constipation and correct indigestion," Dr. Alessandrini says, "yeast has long been famous. Its laxative action is stimulating, not irritating. As the richest source of vitamin B it is particularly useful in run down states of health.

"Now the health value of fresh yeast has been doubled. When 'irradiated,' it is especially rich in vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, which builds hard bones and sound teeth. It should be a godsend to those who work indoors."

A flood of living yeast plants is released in your digestive tract by each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

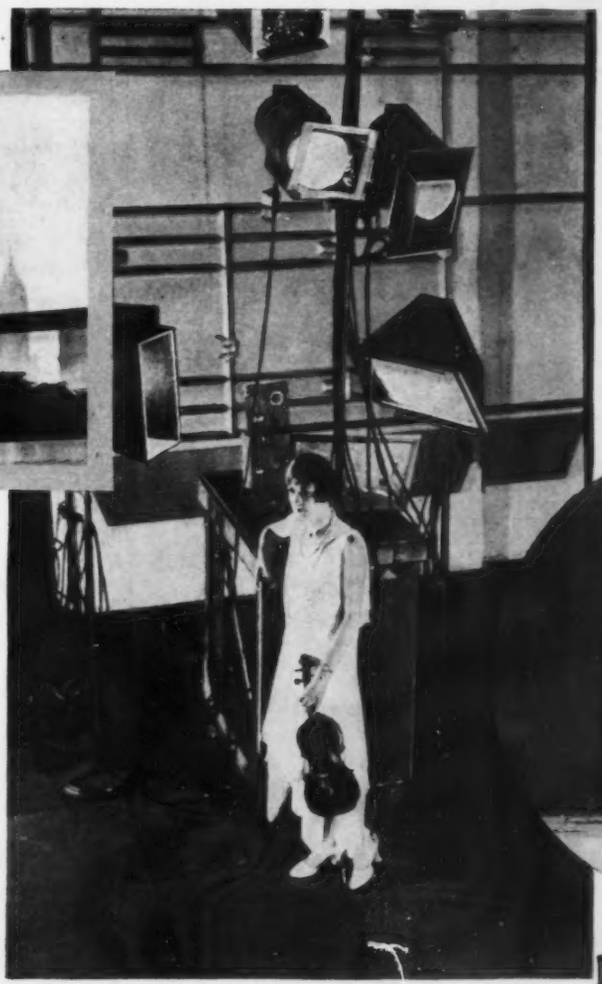
Gently stimulating, these tiny yeast plants reawaken sluggish intestines and soften the clogging food wastes. When constipation goes, appetite and digestion quicken. Fresh new energy is released. Telltale skin eruptions disappear.

And now this famous food brings you an *added* health protection. The new "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest food source by far of the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin.

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin daily. It builds sound bones and teeth. It makes your body harder, tougher. It is essential for expectant and nursing mothers.

Has confining work indoors brought dull, headachy half-health? Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, eaten daily, will bring quick, *natural* health renewal. Start today!

On the Air! Fleischmann's Yeast Radio Hour! Thursday evenings, 47 associated N. B. C. stations.



"At the end of the day too tired to enjoy the evening"

New York, N. Y.

"What the great doctors have said about yeast is certainly matched by my own experience.

"Close confinement to my desk day after day without exercise resulted, two years ago, in 'nervous' stomach and constipation. Miserable headaches would stay with me for days.

"What three cakes a day of yeast did for me hardly seems possible. Suddenly I realized my constipation had been corrected. I could eat my meals without discomfort. I laughed at office difficulties which formerly had me stumped.

"I am still eating yeast. I find it keeps me in splendid condition."

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"Even caring for Jean had become a burden"

"Even the best baby ties a mother down," writes Mrs. W. A. Peters of Stamford, Conn. "I became nervous and irritable—my skin was terrible. My doctor suggested yeast. It improved my disposition and stopped my tiresome 'miseries'."

"Playing on the Keith Circuit means indoor work and different food every day," writes Miss Helen Delvey of New Orleans. "For years I had indigestion and constipation. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast, my constipation has disappeared. My complexion has improved a hundred per cent."

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A tower of luxurious residential apartments-on-lease. A few kept available for smarter transient living when in New York. Each in the spaciousness and taste of the established home. Each serviced by a Sherry-trained staff.

FIFTH AVENUE *at* FIFTY-NINTH STREET

Commandments, all are gems of British comedy which come to us only when London condescends to let us pick the crumbs from its table. "Rope's End" is worth seeing if only for the laughs you will get.

Whether or not you are excited depends upon whether or not you believe in the feat of legerdemain described above, or in countless little gaucheries which two clever young murderers would hardly have committed, and whether or not you are made conscious of being in the theatre by as bald a piece of first-act exposition as has been executed since the days when one character would say to another: "As you know, you are my son, and yesterday you came to me to ask my consent to your marriage to Mildred Gustavson, daughter of my old schoolmate who, as you know, is engaged to be married to my rival in the oil-combine now being founded in St. Louis."

I would recommend "Rope's End," however, simply as an evening of entertainment. The corpse doesn't matter.

AND speaking of open-hearth exposition, "Fiesta," which the Provincetown Players are doing uptown (to them) at the Garrick, has a very pretty little piece of "as you know" work in an act as late as the second. Here we are forced to hear Don Enrique take little Guadalupe aside and say: "As you know, you are a little girl whom I found in rags on the battlefield." This does not surprise Guadalupe, for, if he hadn't been telling her, she would have been telling *him*. It is all made very clear, especially for Guadalupe. I sometimes wonder if we have progressed very far since Sheridan. If I really thought that we hadn't, however, I would go in for raising elk and let the theatre shift for itself.

"Fiesta" has certain points which are commendable, but they are not points which are going to make it a whacking success. Its drawbacks are the drawbacks which a movement like the Provincetown Players always encounters: namely, those incident to working with people who are essentially amateur actors. If there is anything more unconvincing than a mob scene staged by a little-theatre group, made up of actors and actresses who are in the thing for sheer love of the theatre, then I don't know when I am unconvinced. "Fiesta" is at its best when the professional musicians are playing Mexican music and some professional dancers

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It's as simple as that.

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Mineral Water

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UNMERCIFUL smashes . . . lightning volleys . . . drives of bullet speed and unerring accuracy . . . mad dashing from base line to net . . . leaps skyward . . . such is the tennis of today. No game for those of lagging energies . . . no sport for one who fears fatigue. Yet, the more severe the game, the more welcome is White Rock, quencher of the fiercest thirst. Youthful . . . exuberant . . . ever active. Delightful to sip between matches . . . easily digested . . . restful . . . invigorating. Later . . . a return to the courts to watch. To add to the glow of the shower . . . to satisfy the sweet tooth and to stay the whetted appetite. White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale. Refreshing, pure and delightful . . . made from White Rock Water . . . exclusive!

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are dancing. For the rest, one may say that they all take their parts awfully, awfully well.

Miss Le Gallienne and her little troupe seem to have been able to break out of the class of earnest workers in the vineyard of the Drama and to act as well as if all they cared about was money. Her production of Tchekov's "The Sea Gull" is as good as you could get uptown for twice the price. One would never suspect that the actors were interested in the Drama as such, so finished is their performance.

I do not have to tell you, I hope, about Tchekov's "The Sea Gull" being a good play. I am not one of those who hold that it is one of the world's great dramas, there always being that other ornithological play, "The Wild Duck," to put "The Sea Gull" into the Baker's Workshop class. But it is certainly worthy to join the list of offerings which Miss Le Gallienne is giving to her public and possibly to stand at the top with "The Cherry Orchard."

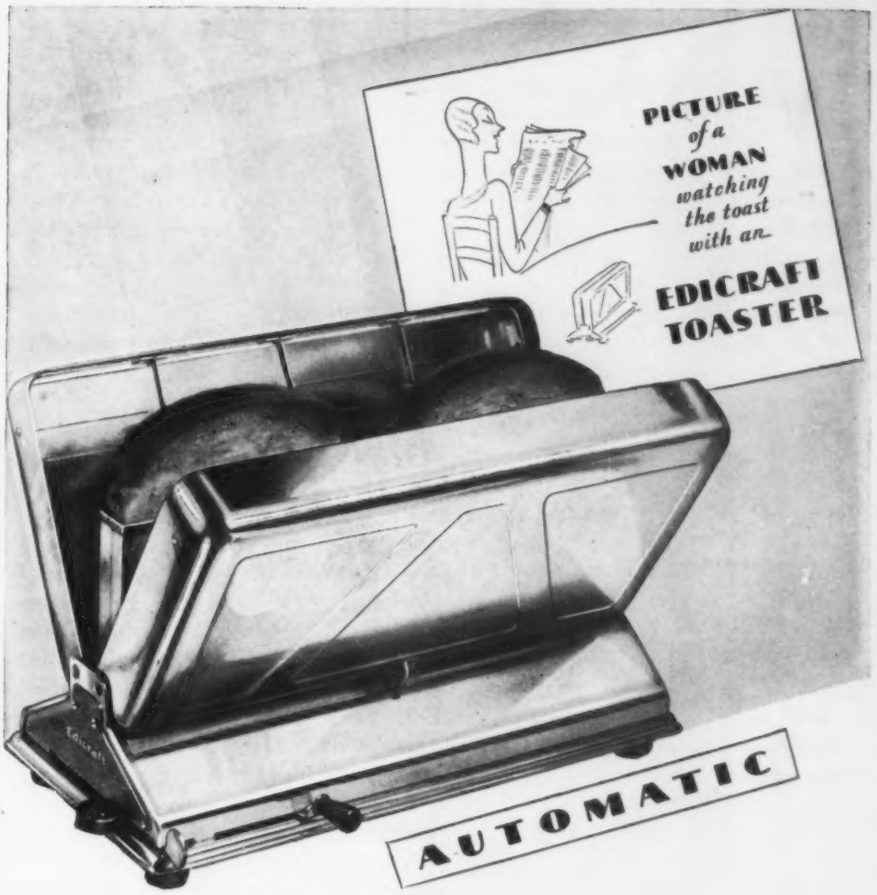
It is too bad that John McGowan's "The Big Shot" is not a better play, because, if it were, it would be a darned good one. The story of the ex-service man who makes a bum out of himself with his friend's money is enhanced beyond all reason by the thunderclap quality of the cracks Mr. McGowan has been able to put into it. The play itself isn't quite right, but Mr. Eric Dressler is, and so are his associates, Spencer Tracy and Richard Taber, and it certainly can't be a very bad evening's entertainment when people laugh as quickly and as loudly as they do at "The Big Shot." Personally, I was detected crying just a mite at the curtain to the first act, but that is because I am getting soft. —Robert Benchley

•

MUTINY IN THE OFFING

It's hard to know just what to do,
I dress in green, I dress in blue,
I wave my hair, I wear it straight,
I'm gay or pensive or sedate,
According to my darling's whim.
And I am glad to humor him
Except at moments when I get
Impatient, and am prone to fret
And wonder why I should arrange
To stage another lightning change
And constitutionally be
Somebody else instead of me.

—Marne



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

FEAR, INC.

WE call them gangsters and gunmen and racketeers, what time an outburst of their peevish temper flips a new murder into the front pages, reminding us of their existence—and from the security of our righteous lives we reprove and envy them a little for their failure to abide by our rules. From the movies and the Sunday supplements and the Inside Dope of Mr. Hearst's crime reporters we fashion our transient images of them—images that fade and disappear, of course, when the latest murder at their hands has faded into the record of Mr. Whalen's unsolved mysteries. Vaguely we fancy them as marauding brigands, sitting with loaded pistols and baleful eyes waiting for another chance to kill somebody. They (according to the gaudy pictures given us) are the scum and the outcasts of the world, parasites upon the citizens—debonair and romantic sometimes with their swift loves and their strange vendettas—but on the whole violent and irrational fellows awaiting their grim retribution, which is Sing Sing. Their crimes? Well, something to do with prohibition and highjacking and racketeering. . . .

We are encouraged to think of them after this fashion because we only hear of them through their occasional bloody crimes or the melodramas written about those crimes. As a matter of fact, the life of the gangsters and the gunmen and the racketeers is very little concerned with bloody crime, or with any very stirring felony at all. It is, by and large, a quite monotonous life, relieved from the humdrum only by the remarkable sums of money that it produces.

I think of the most powerful and respected racketeer among us: An Irish-American in his forties, neither tall nor short, dressed somewhat flashily but not conspicuously so, with a very long and toughened face (toughened, you might guess, from years on a steamboat deck, or a baseball diamond, or a circus lot). He occupies a very large and considerably over-decorated office in a Columbus Circle building. In the office, sitting at the genuine mahogany desks, are young stenographers who peck at commonplace typewriters and hurry with their spike heels over extremely thick green carpets. They spend a part of their time arranging papers in commonplace steel filing cabinets and answering buzzers and getting numbers over the telephone. On the walls are autographed portraits of celebrities and an original newspaper cartoon or two.

In short, this workshop of our racketeer varies in no respect whatever, as far as its outward aspects are concerned, from that of an up-to-date advertising agency or a theatrical producer or a Wall Street broker. The racketeer himself lives ordinarily the sort of existence that is followed by advertising agents and producers and brokers. He arrives at his office in the late forenoon. He has many conferences during and after the luncheon hour. He dines in a public place, generally, and spends his evening at a speakeasy or night club.

His business, which he orders and manages with extreme efficiency, may be explained simply. He has organized the principal dairymen and the principal poultrymen of the metropolitan district into leagues for their own protection against uncouth competition. In return for his forethought in thus safeguarding their interests, the poultrymen and the dairymen naturally pay him a handsome fee. Suggestions that he did not really earn this money, emanating from the District Attorney, were met by the dairymen and poultrymen themselves with indignant denials. They were, they told the District Attorney, deeply in-

"You know, Randolph, I think it's this furniture that makes us feel so tired."

"Do they keep food in them, too?"

WE'VE been talking about Frigidaire ice cubes, frozen desserts, faster freezing, "Cold Control" and all that till it's no wonder a fellow gets to thinking Frigidaire is a kind of a mechanical *hen* that does nothing but lay *ice cubes* all day long.

But ice cubes are just the *extra* advantage. Better food—more delicious food—*safer* food—*that's* what has sold a million Frigidaires. You can't keep perishable foods as they *should* be kept unless you have adequate refrigeration. And that means Frigidaire. I hate to get vehement on the subject, but really, not having at least one Frigidaire in your home is almost like wearing detachable cuffs!

And have you seen the new Frigidaire Buffet? Or the Ice Maker? Or the Frigidaire Water Cooler? Winston Paul, at 39 West 45th Street has these and many other modern conveniences on display. Or, if you'll call Bryant 8700 or mail the coupon, he'll send you pictures and information about *complete* Frigidaire equipment for your home.

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More than a million in use

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SWIMMING POOL
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The Park Central
55th Street at 7th Ave.

debted to our racketeer. He was aid and counsel in their struggle for business. They would not think of testifying against him under any circumstances.

THEY refused to testify against him, as a matter of fact, because they were mortally afraid of the consequences. Indeed, it was upon this not uncommon emotion of fear that our gentleman built his profitable enterprise. Certain poultrymen and certain dairymen, invited at the outset to join the association, declined. A few days later their establishments were set upon and their property destroyed—by tablets to sour their milk or heavily loaded lorries to crash into their delivery trucks in the case of the dairymen, and in the case of the poultrymen by the death of some thousands of terrified hens. It would be cheaper, the others decided, to pay the membership fee and be discreet, even if the amount seemed altogether exorbitant.

As almost everybody knows, the profession of racketeer was imported from Chicago, where cruder men, in a cruder setting, have practiced it with high profit for years. Only two things are necessary for the hanging out of a shingle: an extraordinarily cool business head on the shoulders of the leader, and a close-knit gang of worthies handy with club or pistol.

Racketeering impinged itself upon New York life with that grace and lack of excitement which give us so much pride, for two reasons: first, because the potential victims had already heard of the futility of resistance to the system as practiced in Chicago —and second, because the man destined to control New York's racketeering was an uncommonly able fellow, already dominating with terrible ease the organized criminal operations of Manhattan.

This gentleman, when he was quite ready, adapted racketeering to the New York scene, and with the acquisition of a trade that was, for all practical purposes, beyond the law, he gave over the more hazardous enterprises that he once pursued. Of course, he kept his finger in the pie of prohibition. It is such easy money for a man with organization.

The fact remains, beyond dispute, that our racketeer still dwells in the atmosphere of the underworld. That is partly because of his inherent temperament and partly because he is, after all, engaged in a contemptuous

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war upon the rules laid down by legislatures and police. Also, his shoulders are lifted above the mob of his fellows, and any man whose head goes up above the multitude is likely to have a cobblestone heaved at him any moment. So instead of a private detective for his bodyguard (after the manner of our more hated bankers) he carries with him two dapper fellows who know the interior architecture of Dannemora and who are without peers at close-range pistol work or the swinging of a full bottle against threatening heads. Instead of a squad of policemen on motorcycles acting as equerries for his car (after the manner of the city governors) he drives an automobile which is, within itself, impregnable to attack.

A certain romantic history hangs about this car. The King of the Belgians, it seems, has a hobby of building magnificent armored automobiles with his own hands—as Peter the Great built clocks. He turns out of his elegant shop about one car every two years. The first went to the King of Spain, the second to the Prince of Wales, and the third, through the devious channels of an American millionaire and a brokerage house, to our celebrated gentleman of Broadway. Its one-inch steel plate looks no more forbidding than the enameled sheet-metal that covers our Detroit models, but it turns back high-penetration bullets. Its cowling hides a sub-machine gun. Its speed and pick-up are almost incalculable because the throttle has never been wide open.

Thus lives our racketeer: surrounded by a certain hint of danger, to be sure, but devoted chiefly to the prosy collec-

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Siesta—Fiesta
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You can easily reach Spain from the continent by rail, water, air, motor—or you can sail direct, over the smooth southern course, on luxurious Spanish Royal Mail Liners. Booklets and bookings may be obtained from any travel bureau, or *Spanish Royal Mail Line, 24 State St., New York; 80 Boylston St., Boston; 175 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 230 Post St., San Francisco; 423 W. 5th St., Los Angeles.*

tion of fees from the members of his two prosy associations—fees which they pay him to protect them from himself. He is competent and highly successful in a nebulous business made more difficult by the fact that all the law is against him. He makes the struggling efforts of coal and steel and lumber merchants, with tariffs and lobbies, seem like apprentice labors.

OF course, his work has been imitated by lesser men. One group of greedy fellows, for example, set out to establish themselves in the building-trades racket. They presented themselves to the contractor for a new apartment house and offered, for a not too modest sum, to protect him from the fury of a gang that was out to get him and his new job. Unless the sum was paid over, the racketeers themselves provided the opposition gang and burned the new building when it was half completed.

But that is a little crude. Too violent by far, and destined for a quick end, for insurance companies were the victims and insurance companies are no policemen when it comes to wrecking their natural enemies.

Beneath the racketeering of both the suave sort and the rude there goes on the pretty little trade of bootlegging, and it is from this, as a matter of fact, that most of our gang quarrels arise. Such quarrels, for example, as that which left the bodies of the Cassidy brothers dead upon the floor of the Hotsy-Totsy Club not many weeks ago.

Our gentleman of the beginning of this story carries on a sideline, as it were, of providing kegged beer for a large group of midtown speakeasies. Perhaps this is his avocation, pursued in the moments of release from his more pressing duties in the office.

The beer trade is organized in a rather interesting way. The factor receives a shipment of a thousand kegs. He does not wish to store them. So he calls on the speakeasy proprietors and offers them the right to purchase for immediate delivery.

"Take a hundred kegs," is the suggestion.

"But I can't use that much," says the proprietor.

"A hundred kegs will be delivered tonight," says the factor. He nods, and terminates the conversation after receiving cash payment.

The proprietor can stomach this, because he has to. But when, the next

A GOLFER *Dreams of* PARADISE

A Duffer there was—and he dreamed of paradise. When he stepped out onto the terrace of an Inn, such an Inn as could only be possible in dreams, at his very feet were wide rolling fairways of emerald green. He drew a deep breath—such a breath as Duffers draw when they drive two hundred yards—and then he knew it was paradise for the air was like nothing he'd ever breathed, exhilarating beyond belief. Off across the Golf Course were mountains piled high and splashed with vivid reds and golds.... "Indian Summer in Paradise" muttered the Duffer. Boldly he walked across the fairway to the Club House. He played ....46 at the turn....home in 45....By George, this was paradise. After dinner before a huge fireplace where ten-foot hickory logs crackled cheerfully the Duffer mused. A young chap in Tweeds sat next to him. The Duffer mustered courage to ask, "How long have you been in paradise?"...."Paradise? That is rather a good name for Grove Park Inn. Why, I've been here three weeks. Come down every fall for a month's golf."

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Finest Resort Hotel in the World
SUNSET MOUNTAIN ASHEVILLE, N.C.

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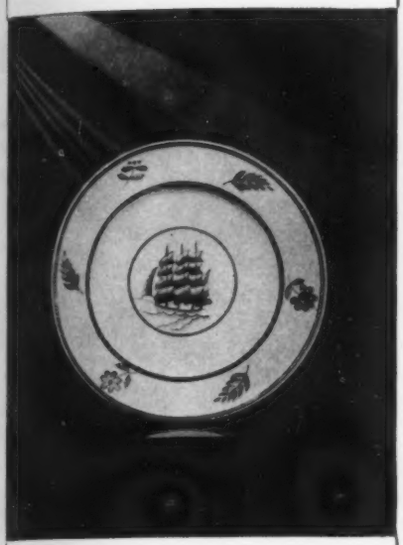
15 East 49th *Street* Plaza 9200

Gay Pottery for Informal Entertaining



Salad Plates FROM ITALY

—designed by Ponti, and made in the famous Ginori factories, of fine earthenware. Some have amusing fish, or a bright flower, or a ship; others—for more active folk—offer golf clubs or tennis rackets. With their fresh coloring and rather naive designs, they are 59c apiece.

Below—a charming after-dinner coffee cup and saucer, of the same pottery. There are three patterns available. 49c each.

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway
New York City

day, a rival wholesaler offers him a hundred kegs more, he is in something of a quandary. He manages to remain meek, but informs his first salesman of the circumstances.

"Forget it," says the first salesman. "Our crowd will take care of you on that." The competing salesman is warned that any effort to force delivery will mean a sudden spray of bullets. Occasionally there is a death.

In the Hotsy-Totsy Club episode, however, the action was a little too fast for the routine to be followed.

Mr. Jack Diamond, proprietor of the place, had plenty of beer. The Messrs. Cassidy insisted that he must buy another lot from them, on the spot. There was no opportunity to call in the usual aid from the wholesalers, and so Mr. Diamond fell back upon his own excellent pistol. His bartender, one Entratta alias Green, appears to have followed suit. Ten bullets were shot into the bodies of the Cassidy boys. Diamond put on his hat, beckoned to Green, and walked quietly down the stairs to the street. He has not been seen since, although Green was miraculously arrested in Chicago. As it falls out, there will be nobody to testify against Green, and nothing very serious will happen to him.

But such violent occurrences—even such incidents as the killing of a Rothstein (who was important because he was both rich and a dramatic, celebrated figure who had never been jailed) are merely episodic. They disturb the routine of business for a little while, and they serve to recall to our pious selves that gangs exist among us, but they are not the vital elements of gang life itself. The vital elements, on the other hand, are the huge and easy profits, taken by a shrewd application to business—a business that has as much technique as the selling of vacuum cleaners and, on the whole, as much excitement.

A recent communication from our boss racketeer even bore the small imprint of a rubber stamp: "Dictated but not read." —Morris Markey

•

"I should say that, in most of Shakespeare's works, it would be necessary to cut out at least 60 per cent of the dialogue, but this is atoned for by the photographic beauties that the camera can give."—*John Craig, consulting director for the Fairbanks-Pickford production of "The Taming of the Shrew," quoted in the Los Angeles Times.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

THE RESULT—
a true replica of a "FLORENCE WALTON" import—yet priced discreetly.

In Felt (Imported body) as low as $6.
In Soleil (Imported body) as low as $10.

Hats by
SANNAT
The Ladies Hatter
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near 6th Avenue, New York

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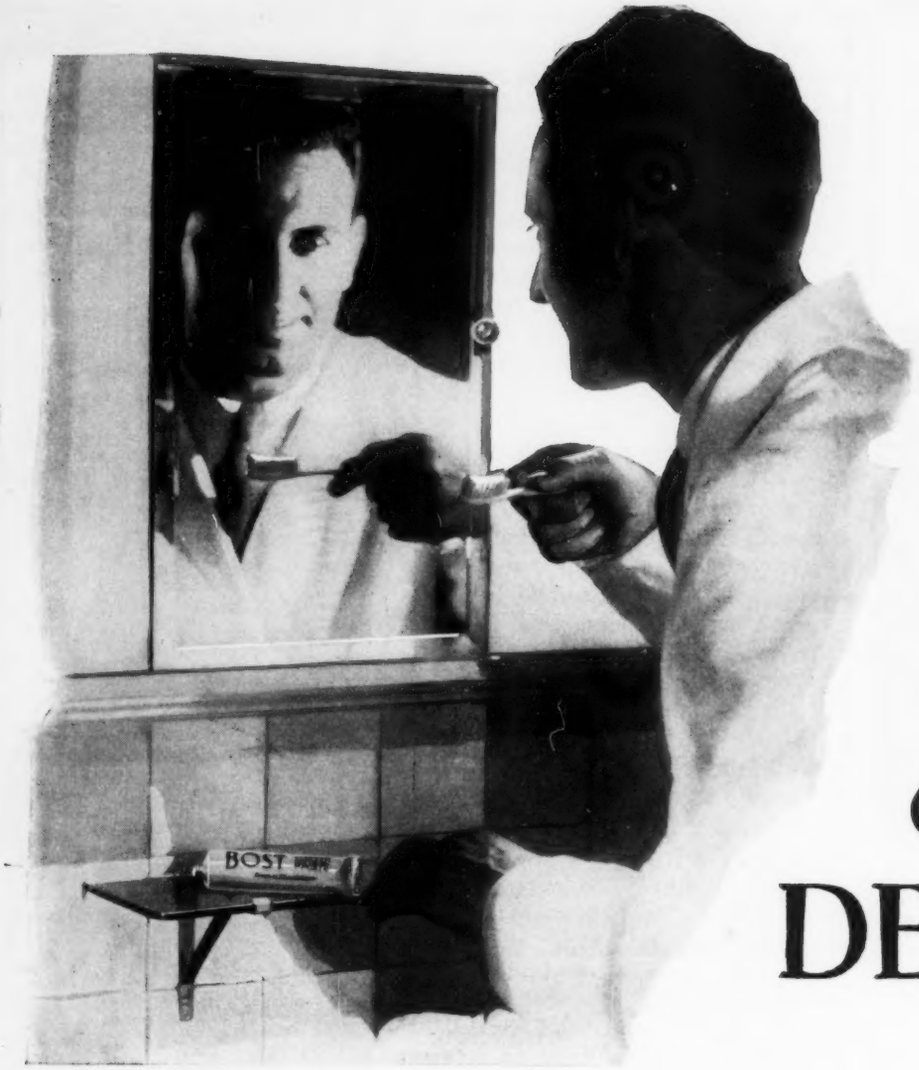

Mr. DENTIST

WE are not asking you to recommend this toothpaste to your patients—that would not be ethical; but *please* use it yourself. We know you smoke cigarettes—we've seen you doing it. Come to think of it, we've even noticed a slight cigarette stain on your fingers now and then. It removes that, too! Just as it removes cigarette stain from a handkerchief.

There is a freshness, a cleanly smartness, about Bost which appeals to your best patients, aside from its known correctness—a combination of simple emulsifying ingredients, without harmful grit, which dissolves tobacco and other organic stains and benefits the gums. Mild and enticing as fruit juices—leaves a lingering sweetness of breath.

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In the jade-and-coral tube

The Smoker's Friend

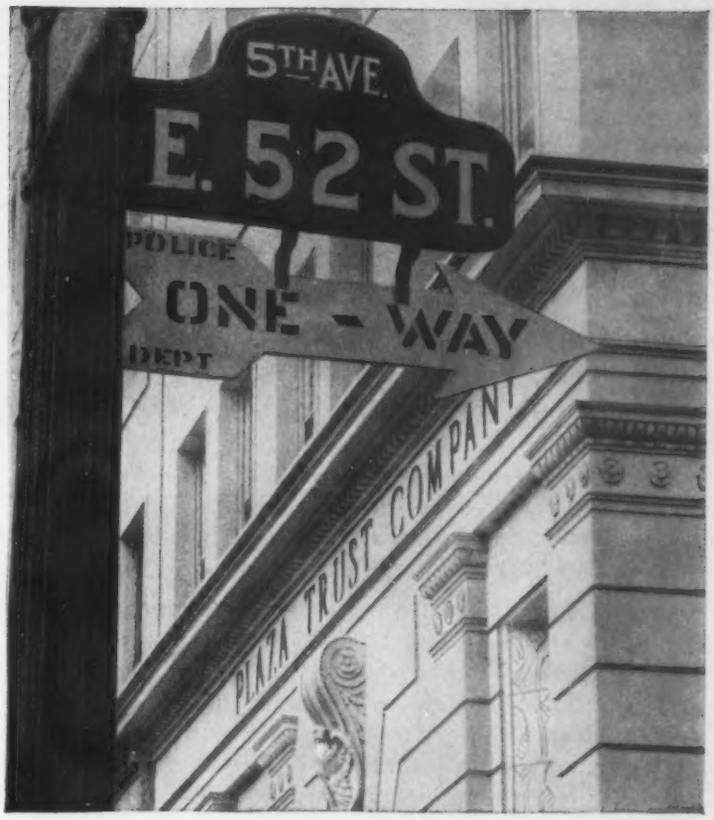
THE SKY LINE

Cheerful Dignity—Mr. Smith, Realtor — Four Towers and a Clock

THE new home of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society at 122 East Fifty-eighth Street is a gracious and successful adaptation of the Georgian style. In an agreeable combination of limestone and brick, the firm of La Farge, Warren & Clark has expressed admirably the general character of a dignified society. The single street façade has variety and interest; its quality is fresh and unhackneyed. Above a base story of limestone rise four pilasters with delicate composite capitals. Between them are spacious windows, divided into small panes, those in the second tier opening from the balcony of an auditorium which runs through the first two levels. The Society's board room, with the offices of the president and his assistants, is cheerily decorated in a color scheme of apple-green and pink with glints of gold. The entire top floor is given to the library—a fine, alcoved room trimmed and furnished in American walnut; its segmental-arched ceiling, incidentally, is clearly expressed in the exterior by a pediment spanning the central feature of the design. All the rooms, halls, corridors, and stairways are marked by a fine spaciousness and refinement. We felt none of the scraping and scrimping so often found in commercial structures. This is, indeed, well-bred architecture, splendidly suited to its purpose.

THE other day, in the offices of Schultze & Weaver, we were allowed to inspect a series of about a dozen studies for the new Waldorf-Astoria, soon to rise in Park Avenue. We had already admired a perspective sketch, published in the papers, but we were not prepared to see such an array of drawings. Moreover, these are simply preliminary "studies." It is not an exaggeration to say that hundreds of studies will have to be made. We came away with an enlarged appreciation of the fact that conscientious architects certainly earn their commissions.

SPEAKING of the Waldorf, we read with interest of ex-Governor



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THE Plaza Trust Company is located right at the hub of the city's style wheel. This neighborhood—interesting to men and women alike—makes it exceptionally desirable to combine banking with the shopping tour, luncheon engagement, or the always stimulating stroll along the Avenue. Convenient to those who motor to and from business, and scarcely a noticeable saunter from all transit lines.

Another advantage is the ready accessibility of our officers and major executives for a thorough discussion of your personal or business banking problems. The Plaza Trust Company renders all the usual general banking services and maintains a thrift department, paying four per cent interest compounded quarterly. Our Mrs. Wixson and Mr. Pearsall are always available to meet new depositors and explain our facilities.

PLAZA TRUST COMPANY

FIFTH AVENUE *at* 52d STREET
NEW YORK

Where the VIEW *begins*

YACHTS—steamers—schooners and tugs passing along park shores—disappearing through the span of Hellgate Bridge . . . the view from these apartments facing Carl Schurz Park.

Units of 4 to 9 rooms provide the best in modern comfort. The rooms are large, with big closets, foyers, many fireplaces, and fully equipped kitchens including electric refrigeration. Extra maids' rooms. Now available: 4 rooms from $1900; 6 rooms from $3500; all with southern sun and south breezes; one 7 room Simplex for $4900; one 9 room Duplex for $6500; all with park and river view. One 4 room studio maisonette and roof garden. Owner: Arthur Crisp, Inc. Immediate occupancy. There is a representative on the premises.

7 Gracie Square

Facing Carl Schurz Park, 84th St. and East River

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SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH

By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS

MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND

1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City

(This is not a Correspondence Course)

Smith's connection with the proposed office building to occupy the site of the old Waldorf-Astoria. The course of this venture has not been entirely smooth. A large plan of development, from a preliminary scheme drawn up, if we remember rightly, by Shreve, Lamb & Harmon, met with financial difficulties. The Chatham-Phenix Bank was left holding the bag, and it is this organization which will play an important part in the revived and somewhat revised operations. Al Smith's name is an influential one in these parts, and his first interview after taking office indicated that he was his old, debonair, confident self, but we can not help wondering how much he knows about his new job. The financing, designing, and erecting of a big office building is a complicated and special task. We trust that Mr. Smith will get some smart real-estate men to help him.

IN Central Park West, at 1 West Eighty-first Street, a new and picturesque pile points four tile-roofed towers to the sky. This is the recently unveiled apartment house known as the Beresford; the design, vigorous Italian Renaissance, is by Emery Roth, who seems to be able to turn out an apartment house a day. The Beresford, symmetrical in composition and spirited in detail, is a distinct addition to the western wall of the Park.

What superb locations those are, on each side of the Park. The reservoir becomes one's private lake, and the view, especially at night, is entrancing. We were not surprised that the dial of the rental-clock outside the office of the Beresford already registered ninety per cent. —T-SQUARE

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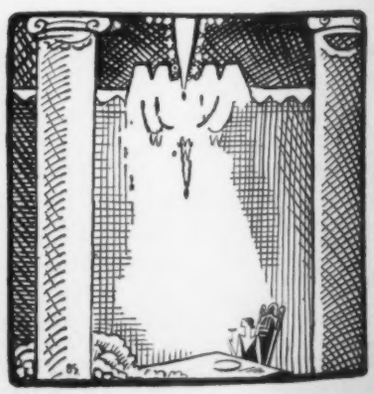
Mr. Bryan is one of the owners of the Bryan-Thomason Newspapers, Inc., publishing the Chicago JoJuJrnJaJJlJ.—*The Evening Post.*

All done by jujutsu.



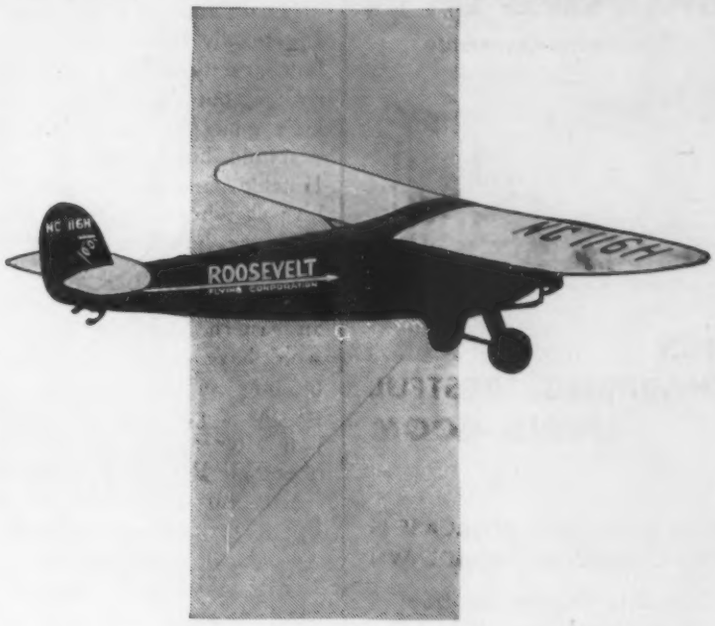
OUT OF THE WEST

WELL, gentlemen, this is a different kind of a lunch than the one I treated Mr. Clow to when he was in Cleveland, eh, Mr. Clow? One of the main reasons why I decided to take Mr. Clow to lunch at the A. C. instead of a hotel like this when he came out to Cleveland was to give him the right idea about the Middle West. I know how it is with you New Yorkers. You still have the ancient idea that just because you come from west of Pittsburgh that means you're a Babbitt. Well, I'll bet Mr. Clow doesn't think so any more, eh, Clow? You know, Clow, I'll never forget the expression on your face when I told you I was going to take you to the club. Not that you didn't try to disguise it, but no matter how polite you are, I can always tell what a man from the East is thinking when I say I'm going to take him to the club for lunch. He probably says to himself, "Oh, God! That probably means a Rotary Club and people will come up and pin a badge on me and call me Charlie and I'll be introduced before a whole crowd of strangers and have to make a little speech about how I like your city." No, now, Clow. Don't deny it. That's the way you felt.

Well, so you see, gentlemen, I was secretly amused, because conditions aren't what they were ten years ago. Ten years ago Rotary was the big thing, and I'll admit it was pretty bad. In those days you'd see a lot of fellows sitting around talking about ideals and smoking cigars and then going out and cutting each other's throats in business. Well, it's totally different now. Rotary is a mighty dignified organization nowadays. Of course, there's singing and jokes, but I imagine you'll see that at the Union League Club or anywhere where there's a congenial bunch of men.

NO, you're wrong about us. I didn't happen to take Clow to Rotary, because it was Monday and Rotary doesn't meet on Monday, but I did take him to the A. C. to our Round Table, which is practically the same, only it's informal. Just a bunch of fellows that drop in for lunch when they haven't any other appointments. Well sir, Clow came with me and he didn't even sit down before he was shaking hands with a fellow that had been in his class at Princeton. At our Round Table we have two Princeton men and three others that went to the Harvard Business School. We're

BE THERE ON TIME . . .



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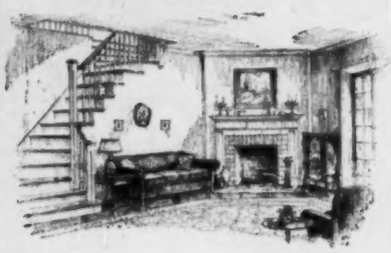

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Price of this Special Apartment
$6260
With private garage $7260

MONTHLY UPKEEP ONLY
$75.11
With garage $82.61

Larger and smaller apartments available both in Simplex and Duplex form

Purchase price . . $4800 to $9000
Upkeep . . . $48.62 to $92.00

A few apartments will be offered to lease to desirable tenants as follows:

Three rooms and bath SIMPLEX, $1250
Four rooms and bath, SIMPLEX, $1500
Four rooms and bath DUPLEX, $1980
Five rooms and two baths DUPLEX, $2100 to $2400
Private garage $15.00 per month

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Only 40 minutes from Grand Central Sta.

Your Inspection Cordially Invited

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not just a bunch of alumni from Muskingum or Wittenberg or Oberlin.

That's another thing, about colleges. I personally went to Ann Arbor, which isn't exactly what you'd call a hick college, but do you know where my kid's going? . . . Yale. He's four years old, but I have him registered at Hotchkiss and Andover, so he can take his pick when he gets old enough. If he decides he wants to go to Ann Arbor like his old man, that'll suit me fine, but all the same I'm making plans for an eastern education for him, so he won't have any trouble getting in when the time comes. And I have a daughter that's going to the Finch School year after next. And when she finishes there I'm going to send her abroad for a year and when she gets back I'm going to throw her a debew that will be as good as any you see in New York. Within the bounds of good taste, of course.

SO that's how we're doing things out there now. I'm a mighty busy man but I belong to the Bookathamonth Club and the Literary Guild and I wouldn't let a week go by without reading the *Nation*. I'm for progress and believe me you find it in the *Nation*. And I wouldn't miss a line of Sinclair Lewis. I started reading "Dodsworth" on the train coming east and I'll finish it on the way back. I'm a very rapid reader.

I'm forty-four. Yep. Forty-four years of age. And do you know *why* I don't look it? Because I play golf every day in the year from April to November. During the winter I box at the A. C. My golf handicap right now is ten and it'll be eight before the year's out. I often make the expenses of my trip playing golf with young fellows fifteen years my junior. If I were just a little younger I'd take up polo, like Wilmerding Friendly, one of the fellows that belong to the A. C. He has the same handicap in polo that I'd like to have in golf—one.

Well, I don't want you fellows to think I'm just a walking press agent for my home town, but any little thing I can do to get rid of that wrong impression you Easterners have is all to the good. You come out like Clow did and I'll show you how things have changed. —JOHN O'HARA

•

FOR SALE—New 12-gauge single barrel shotgun, used one day, for laying hens. —*Logan (O.) Republican.*

One day, yes. But what a day!

The Ideal Apartment in GREAT NECK
2 TO 5 ROOMS

COME out to Great Neck and see this modern apartment building with Park Avenue features: automatic elevators with attendants, gymnasium, roof-garden, incinerators, maid service, servants' quarters, G.E. refrigerators, sound-proof walls.

Only two blocks from railroad station, only five minutes from bathing beach, one block from shopping center and theatre. Two rooms start from $70; three rooms from $90; four rooms from $120; five rooms from $150.

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Phone: Great Neck 1108

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A NEW AND DISTINGUISHED RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD IN WHICH SOME OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST CITIZENS HAVE ALREADY ESTABLISHED THEIR PERMANENT HOMES. HEAVILY WOODED. BEAUTIFUL ROLLING HILLS. ATOP THE WEST SLOPE OF THE HUDSON RIVER PALISADES. HIGHLY RESTRICTED IN EVERY DETAIL. UNITS ARE AVAILABLE FROM ONE-HALF ACRE UPWARDS.

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THE TOURIST~THIRD LANGUAGE

FOR the purpose of translating, or decoding, the reports of their adventures during the past summer brought back by collegiates and other young voyagers of one's acquaintance who went abroad Tourist Cabin style, the following lexicon may be helpful:

BARNACLE—An unpopular or unprepossessing girl.
CHEER LEADER—The bar steward.
FUNICULAR—Satirical slang for European elevators.
HOUSEWARMING—A Bass-ale party in one's cabin.
INSPECTOR—A snooty slummer from First.
LECTURER—A passenger who chatters overmuch about "cultural values."
LIFEBOAT DRILL—Moonlight petting on the deck.
MASTER OF CEREMONIES—An officious fellow Tourist.
MATRON—A chaperon. (Synonyms—whaler, cable; as in "Cut your cable and let's go up on deck.")
MISTER SMILEY—A mythical Tourist passenger to whom mistakes, misunderstandings, and sundry japeries, aboard ship or ashore, are ascribed.
NECTAR—Ship's coffee.
ORCHID—A girl slummer from First.
PETE—Any steward.
PORK-YOU—Tourist French for *pour vous.*
RECLUSE—One who suffers from *mal de mer.*
THE CAPTAIN—A term applied derisively to the chief steward.
THE RITZ—Tourist dining-saloon.

—GEORGE CECIL COWING

•

ACHIEVEMENT

Now we have kissed, the proper stars
May fall—Orion in a pool,
Arcturus down a well, proud Mars
Spiked on a spire to cool.

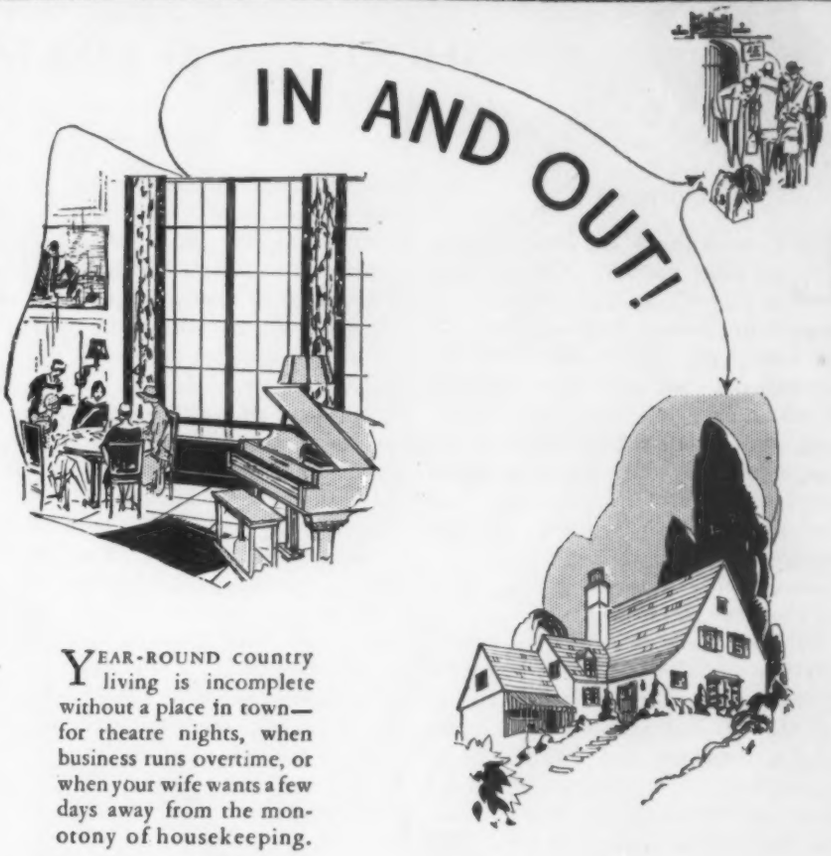
If suddenly the hills were riven
By Gabriel's horn, and judgment fell,
I'd have my countersign for Heaven,
My talisman for Hell!

—NANCY BYRD TURNER

•

Prior to his return to work this morning he spent the week-end at his fiancee's home and is now back on the job better versed in business methods.—*Waterbury (Conn.) Republican, regarding John Coolidge.*

Atta fiancée!



YEAR-ROUND country living is incomplete without a place in town—for theatre nights, when business runs overtime, or when your wife wants a few days away from the monotony of housekeeping.

Why not a studio home in the new midtown center only three blocks from Grand Central—near every place you want to be?

Here a complete studio home for two can be had for $73 a month and up. 'Oversize' studios, some as large as 31'10" x 14'. Disappearing twin beds, large dressing closets, serving pantries, General Electric refrigerator. Restaurant—maid service available. A place where you can be comfortable when you want to stay there—lock up and forget about it when you don't.

Also semi-duplex suites with 1½ story studios and gallery, one or more bedrooms, some with roof terraces. Rentals to $4,200. Ready in December. See the plans now.

Beaux-Arts

STUDIO APARTMENTS

North 307 East 44th St.
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Adjoining the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design, 5 blocks from Grand Central Station and express subway, next to Tudor City.

Builder
GEO. A. FULLER CO.
Architects
The Firm of
KENNETH M. MURCHISON, RAYMOND HOOD, GODLEY, & FOUILHOUX.

Other Features

Rough plaster finish — Cork flooring
Sound-proof walls — Copper enclosed radiators
Self-leveling elevators

Management of
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
Representative on Premises

15 East 49th St. Plaza 9200

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

OBITUARY

LAST week the Marx Brothers buried their mother. On the preceding Friday night, more from gregariousness than from appetite, she had eaten two dinners instead of the conventional one, and, after finishing off with a brief, hilarious game of ping-pong, was homeward bound across the Queensboro Bridge when paralysis seized her. Within an hour she was dead in her Harpo's arms. Of the people I have met, I would name her as among the few of whom it could be said that they had greatness.

Minnie Marx was in this world sixty-five years and *lived* all sixty-five of them. None knew better than her sons that she had not only borne them, brought them up, and (with a bit of coaxing here and a *schlag* there) turned them into successful play-actors. She had done much more than that. She had *invented* them. They were just comics she imagined for her own amusement. They amused no one more, and their reward was her ravishing smile.

It was her idea that they should go into the theatre at all. She herself was doing sweat-shop lace-work when she married a tailor named Sam Marx. But for fifty years her father was a roving magician in Hanover, and as a child she had known the excitement of their barn-storming cart-rides from one German town to another. Now here she was, sidetracked in a Third Avenue tenement, with a swarm of children on her hands. But hadn't her brother deserted his career as a pants-presser to go into vaudeville? You remember the song about Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean? Well, that was her brother—Mr. Shean. His first success only strengthened her conviction that she came of showfolks, and she was determined that her sons should enter into that inheritance. She had six, in all. One died as a baby. After the war, she lost another to the silk-dress business. This defection from her now notable quartet did not baffle her long. Reaching for Zeppo, her youngest, she yanked him out of high school and flung him into the breach.

At first she had an undisputed monopoly of the idea that her boys would do well in the theatre. Even they did not share it with her. To be sure, Chico, her eldest, was a piano player. Fortunately for her peace of mind, she didn't know where. But she knew he was a piano player, for she herself had amassed the weekly quarter which paid for his lessons. Then her Julius—that's Groucho—had a promising soprano voice. After cleaning up the breakfast things, she used to tether the youngest to the kitchen table and sit all day in agents' offices, until finally she got her Julius a job. Then, when she had incredibly launched her vaudeville act—it consisted of a son or so, pieced out with a pretty girl and a tenor—she couldn't bear the thought of setting forth on tour while her Harpo stayed behind, a bellhop at the Seville, with no one to see that he ate properly. It was a woman of magnificent decision who therefore called a cab, drove to the Seville, snatched Harpo from his employment and, en route to Henderson's at Coney Island, transformed him with a white duck suit, so that, just as the curtain was rising, she could catapult him into the act. Really, one cannot say that the Marxes ever *went* on the stage. They were pushed on.

The uphill stretch was a long one, humble, worrisome, yet somehow rollicking. The Third Avenue flat, with the rent money never once on time in ten years, gave way to a Chicago house, with an equally oppressive mortgage. And when in their trouping through that territory they would grow so harumscarum that there was real danger of a fine by the management, she would have to subdue them by a magic word whispered piercingly from the wings. The word was "Greenbaum." You see, Mr. Greenbaum held the mortgage aforesaid.

IT was eighteen years after her first homespun efforts as an impresario that her great night came. That was when, for the first time, the words "Marx Brothers" were written in lamps over the door of a Broadway theatre. For the première of "I'll Say She Is," she felt entitled to a new gown, with which she proposed to sweep to her seat in the proscenium box. But while she was standing on a chair to have it fitted, the incompetent chair gave way, and she broke her ankle. So she couldn't exactly sweep to her seat on the first night. They had to carry her. But she got there.

Her trouble was that her boys had got there too. They had arrived. Thereafter, I think she took less interest in their professional lives. When someone paid them a king's ransom to make their first talkie, she only yawned. What she sighed for was the zest of beginnings. Why, I hear that last year she was caught hauling her embarrassed chauffeur off to a dancing-school, with the idea of putting *him* on the stage. In her boredom she took to poker, her game being marked by so incurable a weakness for inside straights that, as often as not, her rings were missing and her bureau drawer littered with sheepish pawntickets. On the night "Animal Crackers" opened she was so absorbed that she almost forgot to go at all. But at the last moment she sent her husband for her best wig, despatched her chauffeur to fetch her new teeth, and, assembling herself on the way downtown, reached the theatre in time to greet the audience. Pretty as a picture she was, as she met us in the aisle. "We have a big success," she said.

MINNIE MARX was a wise, tolerant, generous, gallant matriarch. In the passing of such a one, a woman full of years, with her work done, and children and grandchildren to hug her memory all their days, you have no more of a sense of death than you have when the Hudson—sunlit, steady, all-conquering—leaves you behind on the shore on its way to the fathomless sea.

She died during rehearsals, in the one week of the year when all her boys would be around her—back from their Summer roamings, that is, but not yet gone forth on tour. Had she foreseen this—I'm not sure she didn't—she would have chuckled, and, combining a sly wink with her beautiful smile, she would have said, "How's that for perfect timing?"

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

THESE MODERNS! . . . NO. II

"Oh, Peter! I'm so . . . upset!"

"It's nothing, Wendy", said Peter Pan, rising nobly to the occasion. "I shouldn't have let you take the 'stick' over the Rockies."

"It's all because we wanted to hurry back to Broadway to see Helen Lynd in The Little Show!"*

"Don't mind, Wendy", and Peter looked quite grown-up. "You can wash up in that nice mountain brook over there, and be pretty as ever!"

"Where's the . . . Lux Toilet Soap, . . . Peter?"

Helen Lynd is most attractive, and not the least part of her charm is her flower-like skin. "Just a little intelligent care will do so much for your skin. I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin ever so smooth and soft."

Helen Lynd

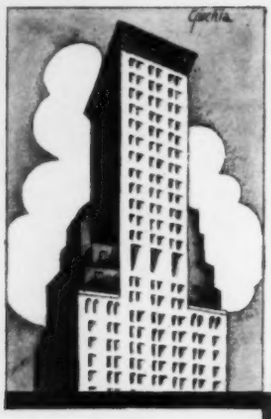
The stars of the Broadway successes—nine out of ten Hollywood stars—all are enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin smooth as flower-petals!

Nobody knows better than do these—probably the most popular and envied women in the world—how much a woman's charm depends on the clear smoothness of her skin.

It was at the actresses' request that leading theaters over the country have placed Lux Toilet Soap in their dressing rooms. In New York alone it is used in 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters. And in Hollywood, where 442 of the 451 important screen actresses use this white, delicately fragrant soap, *all* the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

You will be just as delighted with Lux Toilet Soap as the lovely women of the theater are. So softly smooth does it keep your skin! And such generous lather as it gives! Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—yet only 10¢.

★ HELEN LYND grew up in vaudeville, singing and dancing her way to the top rung of the Broadway ladder. Last season she starred in an eccentric comedy rôle in *The Rainbow*, on the legitimate stage, and during the past few months she has been giving ever so sparkling a performance in that rollicking musical pot-pourri, *The Little Show*.



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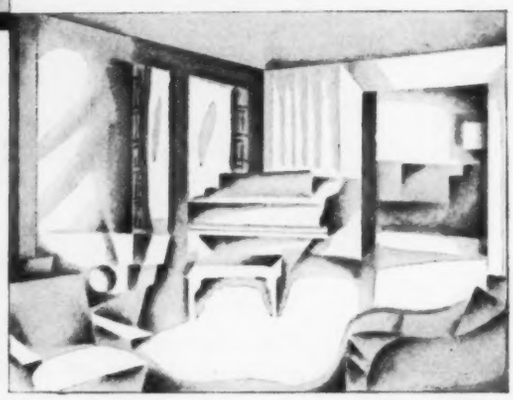
General Manager



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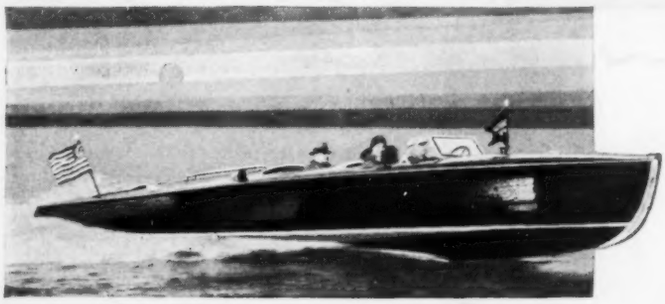

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THE RACTRA

Second Choice — Martis a[nd] Cowlitz

THE fall meeting at Aqueduct always seems to be the start of serious racing for the old regulars, who are spurred on by the knowledge that the season has not many weeks more to go. This weekend we shall see the running of the Junior Champion Stakes—though all the possible champions will be absent—and Monday the Harbor Hill Steeplechase is on the card. I have no fancy for the Junior Champion, although I'm told William Woodward's Gallant Fox is training well. He will go nicely at a mile, too, and above all he comes from a stable that is in form, and that's half the battle. Last week we saw his stablemate, Distraction, win two stakes—the Bay Shore Handicap and the Edgemere Handicap.

Speaking of the Wheatley Stable successes, it seems that Mrs. H. C. Phipps, who races in partnership with her brother, Ogden L. Mills, offered an interest in any one of the horses to her son Ogden and her daughter Barbara before the season opened. Barbara had first choice and she named Best Man, a two-year-old. Ogden protested, long and loudly, that this colt was the one he wanted. No other would do. Finally, Barbara was persuaded to relinquish her claim on Best Man and take Diavolo instead. I believe Best Man has won two races all season, while Diavolo is the pick of the stable.

IT is possible that the case of Martis will become a *cause célèbre* in racing. A year ago Victor Emanuel bought two bay colts, Martis and Cowlitz, from John Madden. Somehow they got mixed up, like the babies in "H. M. S. Pinafore," and Martis ran as Cowlitz, and won the Troy Stakes at Saratoga. When Emanuel decided to sell all of his flat horses, the registration papers which every thoroughbred must have, on which the identification marks are set forth in detail, brought to light the fact that Cowlitz was Martis, and Martis was Cowlitz. It has since developed that Cowlitz isn't Cowlitz any more—nobody knows who he is. Because it was a case of mistaken identity and no fraud was intended, Martis was disqualified only from the purse he won as Cowlitz.

TRACK

Cowlitz Again—Rose of Sharon

A few days later he was bought by Walter Schuttler, for whom he won at Belmont Park. Last week he started for the Oakdale Handicap, and won that too. Then R. T. Wilson, whose Barn Dance finished second, protested the purse on the ground that Martis was not eligible to run, Cowlitz being the one entered for the stake. The stewards of the meeting allowed the protest and disqualified Martis from the purse, the second he had lost. An appeal has been taken to the stewards of The Jockey Club, in which it is pointed out that The Jockey Club had identified the colt officially as "Martis formerly Cowlitz," the transfer of engagements had been approved, and the handicapper had assigned the colt weight for the race.

There is so much of this "win, tie, or wrangle" business in racing that it makes one rather sad to have more dragged in, particularly over what appears to be a technicality and clerical error; but, to be sure, the Oakdale purse is $4,000.

THE first act of Major Louis Beard as manager of Harry Payne Whitney's racing stable has been to retire Whichone, whom we saw win the Futurity at Belmont Park a fortnight ago. The decision was quite a surprise to all of us, and a pleasant one to the owners of other top-flight juveniles. In my opinion Whichone would have swept the boards in his remaining stake engagements, including the Pimlico Futurity and the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, and would have added $100,000 to his total of $135,000 in prize money. However, Harry Whitney and Louis Beard preferred to have a stout candidate for the three-year-olds' classics next season. A gesture, but a wise one.

THAT charming and fast young lady from Kentucky, Rose of Sharon, signalized her début in the East by beating, in the Potomac Handicap at Havre de Grace, all of the best colts we have in training. I'm sorry I could not make the trip to see her run, but racing at Aqueduct held me fast. I do not suppose the crowd was amazed by what it saw, but I judge she did quite a workmanlike job while The Nut, Beacon Hill, Grey Coat, and Dr. Freeland were down the course.

—AUDAX MINOR

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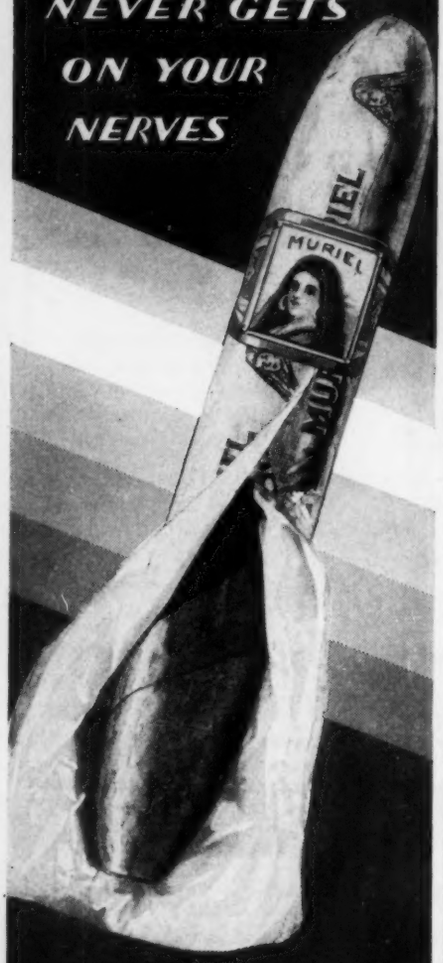

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POLO

Meadow Brook Circus — Greentree Comes Through—Two Californians—At the Finish

THERE is always a strong tinge of melancholy to the close of the Long Island polo season. The Meadow Brook Club makes such a pleasant, lazy event out of the final day of play for the Waterbury Cup. For the past three years, the show of the National Polo Pony Society has been held just before the last high-goal game. Down in the little hollow below the clubhouse drive, where so many years ago the brook in the meadow was diverted in order that a polo field might be built, an iron fence is erected and carelessly decorated with bunting. On one side a small canvas tent goes up, with red and white flags that give it a circus air. Inside the tent is a table with glinting silverware; all round in back of the fence are ponies, foals, colts, stallions. Hundreds of grooms seem to dart here and there on frightfully important errands; people from the countryside about wander in and sit along the fence. The morning air is filled with the whinnying of the colts, and the ring is full of kicking feet and embarrassed handlers. At noon the place belongs to booted figures and horsey conversation. In the afternoon, the great ponies that all season long carried their owners through the battles of polo get the ring to themselves—Judy, Jupiter, the amusingly named None So Pretty, Miss Buck, who carried Harriman to the winning goal of the first Argentine match, Lista, Nena—their legs thin and fragile-looking without bandages, and all of them sleek and polished up for the occasion. Finally there comes the championship class. The judges confer for a short, tense minute or two, and then, with the decision announced and the rosette handed to a grinning groom, there's a dash for cars and a rush up the drive to make the first period of the afternoon's game.

THOSE persistent youths, Old Aiken, almost turned the polo season entirely upside down in the Waterbury Cup matches. With everybody expecting that Greentree would have

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another go at Sands Point, these young men proceeded to hand Sands Point a clean-cut defeat; as Old Aiken rode out to the final game, the dazed gallery was ready for almost anything. A last twisting of form's tail was too much to expect of them, however; Greentree came through handsomely.

Winston Guest recovered a great deal of ground. He had been badly criticized for his play in the Open, when his side lost to Sands Point. Then he was at back. Shifted to No. 2, where he is more at home, he played heady, modest, and splendid polo in that final round. When at his best, Guest is without question one of the most valuable players in the game.

IF polo and the horse world owe Jack Whitney nothing else, the eastern half of it, at least, is in debt to him for bringing Eric Pedley and Elmer Boeseke, Jr., from California. On at least two occasions, Pedley's play has been beautiful to watch.

Pedley came east in 1924 and rose to a place as substitute on that season's International side. He has played such excellent polo this season that—in the face of probably violent disagreement—I now believe he is one of the three great players of the country. The other two are Hitchcock and Guest. Pedley played at No. 1 in 1924, forced up there because there was no chance of getting in at No. 2 with Hitchcock at hand. This year he played at No. 3, and his two best games there have been well-nigh perfect. He is a "natural" in sport. Beautifully built, he has been a boxing champion, a fine golfer, a

• •

. . . but when smart women start *wearing* black and brown gloves

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There've been mutterings and rumors for many weeks; you've heard them of course, but the time of rumors is past . . . and if you aren't wearing darker gloves and hose now, you will be very soon. At Kurzman's these and other signs of the new times.

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EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

If you arrive in haste for a bright and early appointment at your breakfast club, and some candid friend points out that your suspenders are hanging down, *be nonchalant*... LIGHT A MURAD.

good tennis player, and the best polo player the Pacific Coast has turned out. If the Defence Committee for the next International wants a 1930 team picked by an outsider, here it is: Hitchcock, Pedley, Guest, and the younger Hopping.

Boeseke is not quite the player Pedley is, but he's a good deal above the average. Shifted to back on the Greentree team when Guest returned to No. 2, he filled the new job perfectly. A couple of hours before the final with Old Aiken, he remarked with a grin that he didn't know what was going to happen. "I've only played back once in four years, and that was the other day." Gerry got away from him for two quick goals in the opening period, but after that Boeseke's steady, hard-hitting play began to count.

AT THE PONY SHOW: Watson Webb's perfect showing of his Valley Maid. . . . Captain Roark and Mr. Strawbridge, Sr., riding while they judged the later classes. . . . Laddie Sanford winning the new cup he donated. . . . Fred Treadwell making ponies do everything but say prayers. . . . A stray wire-hair terrier scaring the colts in the morning. . . . Captain Wesley White picking one, two, and three in the middleweight class.

At the polo final: Overcoats and steamer rugs. . . . Gerry's great pass out to Rathborne for Aiken's last goal. . . . Guest's duplicate to Boeseke a minute later for Greentree's last goal. . . . The cold weather bringing out caps again. . . . The silver biplane barrel-rolling five thousand feet above.

—MARTINGALE

•

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Julian Eltinge, aged 42, stage impersonator of females; Lenore Cosnova, film actress, and Mitchell Harris, aged 44, local actor, suffered cuts and bruises when Miss Cosnova's auto was in collision with a police car early this morning returning from a party. Mrs. Belle Spottswood, screen actress and wife of James Spottswood, movie actor, of New York, escaped injury by going home early from the party. —*The Times.*

Our old-fashioned method of escaping injury is even better: just don't go to the party.

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"T" IS FOR THE TEARS

"HONESTLY, Peg, Mrs. Perry *is* a sweet character. I mean, to me she is just Mother Love personified. I mean, she's so happy in Jane's and Henry's happiness. It's really pathetic the way she put it: how she must forget her own loss of her baby in the thought of Jane's happiness with a man like Henry. 'You know, Ann,' she said to me, 'of course, it was inevitable that some day I should lose my little girl to some man, but somehow it found me unprepared.'"

"Oh, Ann, for Heaven's sake! After the way she worked on Henry! But how on earth did she manage to break up Jane's and Eddie's affair? They were so in love!"

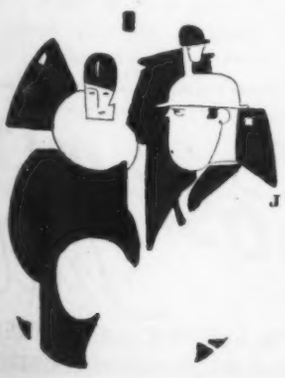
"Oh, Peg, he wasn't suited to Jane *at all*. He's so crude. And he has *no* social background. Besides, how could they live on his salary? It's made a wreck out of Mrs. Perry this whole year. She said she's talked herself hoarse to Jane by the hour but couldn't make a dent. Jane's stubborn. And how Jane treated Henry! It made it very difficult for Mrs. Perry because Henry is so—well, eligible. And Eddie—*well!*"

"I always thought Jane gave in to her mother in everything."

"Well, she doesn't. It practically worried Mrs. Perry into a sickbed. Because, she said, since she lost her dear husband she has simply had no life outside of Jane and she couldn't bear to see her heading straight for the unhappiness that marriage with Eddie would mean. She says the thing is she wants Jane to profit by *her* experiences and avoid the mistakes *she* made. See?"

"Um hum, but—"

"You know, Peg, she *has* devoted her life to Jane and all she wants is Jane's happiness. She's made the right friends for her and it's been a struggle all right because Jane *is* peculiar. She's always been difficult. First she wanted to get a job and Mrs. Perry worried herself ill talking her out of



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that. Then she got mixed up with that crazy crowd of Marg Lee's. That worried her mother into another near-collapse. And then Eddie! And Mrs. Perry is so patient and unselfish. So she went to Eddie to reason with him in a friendly way. But you can't imagine how he talked to her! He said Jane had a right to live her own life and that the kindest thing anyone could do for Jane would be to put a continent between her and her mother. And I don't know what else. Well, that was the last straw. Mrs. Perry had a complete breakdown and it turned into pneumonia. You know how sick she was last winter. That was it. So finally Jane realized and—"

"I see. When are Jane and Henry going to be married?"

"They don't just know. Jane's not so well, she's quite nervous and run-down and underweight. She's been going so hard, and of course her mother's illness. . . . So the doctor's put her to bed for a complete rest and to build up. Mrs. Perry and Henry want the wedding next month but Jane says not for six months at least."

"I see."

"And you know what that sweet Mrs. Perry is doing? She's taken an apartment in her same apartment house and she's furnishing it completely down to the last essential for Jane as an engagement present, planning *everything*."

"Um, I should think Jane would like to plan her own home."

"We-ell, Jane doesn't seem to take much interest. Jane *is* peculiar, Peg."

—G. SCHWABE

•

He saw the animal was going to attack him and he grabbed its tail. The bull began running and "snapt the whip," throwing Walters on a large stone. He crawled under the fence and escaped being bored.—*East Liverpool (O.) Review.*

Which is something, these days.

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GREEN	Brown Sugar Maple Sugar	Dusty Beige Cocoa Taupe
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BLUE	Cocoa Taupe Brown Sugar	Dusty Beige
RED	Dusty Beige Cocoa Taupe	Maple Sugar

All of Peck & Peck's lovely stockings come in the new ensemble shades . . . the lovely "Princess" at $2, "Fiesta" at $3, "Silken Snare" at $3.75 and the queenly "Queen Victoria" at $3.50.

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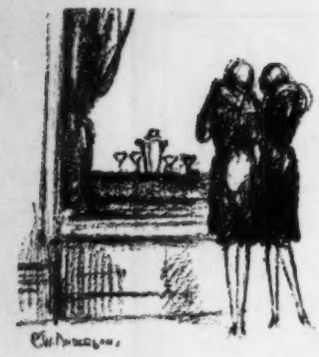


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

EVEN those of you who have not yet seen them know enough about the new modes to realize that great elegance and elaboration have crept into clothes for daytime as well as evening. It is unnecessary to add that when you are sauntering forth in velvet, lamé, and fur in the afternoon, the fabric, cut, and fit must be perfect, or the eventual effect may be a bit sleazy, rather like a new Ziegfeld girl after her first visit to the shops of Broadway.

ONE of the supreme places to avoid that overdressed look and yet achieve the acme of richness is Bergdorf-Goodman. I was particularly struck all of a heap there by some expertly handled evening frocks in that heavy Lyons velvet. (Very difficult for the figure unless properly handled.) There is a dark-green one by Rochas, belted tightly at the normal waistline, having a shoulder-strap décolletage, and bursting into ruffles that start below the hips in back and ascend upward in front. There is a spectacular frock by Chéruit, of flame-colored velvet fitted closely to the waistline, where a bright-green sash ornaments it; below the waist, it flares sharply in deep irregular points. Its lines are marvellous. Another dress of purple velvet, Bergdorf-Goodman's own design, has a gathered peplum effect starting at the sides in front and two full-gathered poufs that begin below the hips and reach the floor in back.

They are showing great quantities of afternoon suits in velvet here—all the way from a very simple little jacket suit (the jacket a bit longer than formerly) with the fox fur at the neckline repeated in a daub over one pocket, and a charming pink silk blouse beneath, to a magnificent affair that has great bands of fur swirling around the hem, and glimpses of a bright lamé blouse.

Negligees and tea-gowns have never been so charming. Lots of them swathe the figure from the base of the throat to the ankles, and in back have pointed trains and deep, deep décolletages in a sort of draped effect. One is of black velvet, with huge sleeves, a deep V in back, and two V-trains descending from the hips. There is a medieval affair of metal lace over pale yellow silk, with long, tight sleeves, that follows this mode. A little metal cap to match accompanies it. There are pajamas with white satin trousers, that give a harem effect at the ankles, and closely fitted marquis jackets of stiff vermilion velvet that flares out just enough at the hips. Vionnet has contributed some of black and pink satin, pieced together in zig-zags, that are well worth the notice of anyone who longs to be alluring.

Other things that tempt a girl: Chanel's little tailored suit of soft vermilion tweed—with a belted, slightly circular skirt, a white satin tuck-in blouse with a bow of the tweed emerging under a turned-down collar at the base of the throat, and a jacket with a peplum flare at the hips. . . . Patou's evening dress of rose and gold lamé, the skirt being all trailing points. . . . Pajama sandals with a single strap, a little point up the back of the heel, and a large hole cut over the toes—a cross between a mule and a slipper, and available in all sorts of materials. . . . And, ho hum, you ought to go and look for yourself.

I THINK that those little trains they are putting on evening gowns are perfectly charming, but they certainly are a problem. They aren't long enough to swing over your arm in the good old-fashioned way, nor short enough to clear a theatre lobby floor and make you safe from trampling feet. I do think that people will wear them, however, when entertaining in their own homes. You can't dance in them, though, and those of you who intend to dance will, I think, have to modify this delightful detail.

AMERICAN designers, in general, are fairly unsatisfactory as far as the pioneer spirit is concerned. Either they follow Paris so slavishly that they merely present Patou, Vionnet, and Chanel shuffled into new combinations, or they go in for costume effects that make you feel like a Russian prima donna. Not so, however, with Hawes-Harden, at 8 West Fifty-sixth Street, who take a waggish delight in making clothes that are different and yet, in spirit, conform to the fashionable dictates of the day.

There is one costume, for instance, that is a great deal of fun. It has a

"I suppose not many boys my age buy guns, do they?"

Alan Dunn

ON THE PLAZA

BY

SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

TO THE SMARTER WOMEN

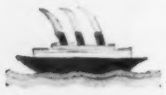
The new Bergdorf Goodman expansion! Two new buildings after one year on the Plaza. This addition is almost a matter of request . . . If a smart woman is used to the *dernier cri* in line and design of her gowns, she is very apt to be captious in the matter of her shoes . . . hence the new Shoe Salon on the second floor . . . If she finds that her activities from Agua Caliente to Antibes demand sports clothes and more sports clothes, the enlarged Salle Moderne on the third floor is an automatic necessity . . . And since she knows that lingerie worn with real art is lingerie worn with proper background, a gorgeous French Boudoir which will feature boudoir accessories, springs up on the fourth floor. Her discrimination and patronage demand it!

BERGDORF GOODMAN

You don't have to die to go to Paris

It is no longer necessary for good Americans to die in order to go to Paris. Smart women know that all they have to do is step over the threshold of Kargère on Fifth Avenue and voila—they are in Paris!

Shipments received weekly



Sportwear
Knitted Golf Suits
Ensembles For Town and Country
Afternoon and Evening Dresses
Lingerie

KARGÈRE

636 Fifth Avenue, New York
39 Ave. Des Champs Elysées, Paris

coat of a gray-black tweed, with black caracul fur (apparently in one piece) forming the sleeves, the deep V-point in back, and the collar around the throat. Underneath you have a tweed skirt and a black sweater, trimmed with the tweed around the neck and, in a strip, down the sleeves. If you like, there is a little dickey jacket to go over this, buttoned up one side (Hawes-Harden love buttons), and having an intricate little collar around the base of the throat. There is a black broadcloth coat called Foxy, —buttoned straight down the front, tightly fitted through the middle, and flaring below. You may, if you wish, put a band of fox like the collar around the hips to give a convincing effect of a jacket suit. Nassau is also tricky, though the final impression is not too eccentric. This has a red and black print blouse with a turn-over collar and a long, circular skirt of black wool. You then don a deep hip-band of the wool, which ascends in front like an apron and perks out a little over the shoulders. And, when you go out in the street, you add a very short little fitted jacket with revers, close to the throat, lined with the red. The costume is enchanting, being not only chic but very gay.

I saw very few of their evening clothes, and most evening clothes are difficult to describe anyway. Fitting and line are so important, and you have to see them for yourself. Hawes-Harden, however, do quaint things, like combining blue-purple and purple-blue satin in one of those wrapped and molded evening gowns whose sole purpose is to glorify a figure; they combine pale yellow and plum-colored taffeta, the dark color forming a huge godet in the skirt and insert treatment around the waist. Also, if you want to realize their understanding of materials, you should look at an evening wrap called Licorice, of black panne velvet shot with gold.

All the clothes here are made to order in Hawes-Harden's workrooms, and great outcries of rapture will greet the woman who wants individual designing, whether she has ideas of her own or not.

THE Chanel day dress that all the smart young women in town seem to be buying (for everyone with any money at all seems to have thrown out everything in the wardrobe and started over again) is really a thing of beauty. It is one of those little black crêpe affairs with a highish belt decorated with two

Almost 1/4

of your leisure time is lost if you must ride to business. Save it . . . and your nerves by living near your business at

455

West 34th Street

New 16-story apartment between 9th & 10th Aves., just west of the Pennsylvania Station in the new residential section.

2 & 3 Rooms

Electrical refrigeration, real kitchens, dining alcoves and generous closet space; bath and shower for every chamber.

Immediate Occupancy

Two Unusual 3-Room Pent House Suites with studio windows, wood-burning fireplaces and sun porches.

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or Representative on Premises Daily and Sunday

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Central Park South

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Large Room, Bath Serving Pantry . . . . . $75 up

Large Room, Dressing Room Serving Pantry, Bath $100 up

Restaurant
Hotel Service Available

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Circle 1034

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BRIDGE STUDIOS

Ladies and gentlemen are cordially invited to join the afternoon tea bridges or evening games of auction or contract bridge. Also studios for private or class instruction in auction or contract.

157 West 57th St. Circle 5813

In New York apartments the newest kind of refrigeration is gas

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts.

This page tells you why

TWO YEARS have brought about a startling change in New York kitchens. Only yesterday *automatic* refrigeration was the thing. Today, it must be more than automatic. It must be Gas!

Gas Refrigeration is the really modern distinctive kind to have. More than 235 high-class buildings erected during the past 9 months—equipped with a total of 17,077 Electrolux Refrigerators—attest this fact.

These New York buildings attest other facts about Electrolux too—facts which explain the amazing nation-wide swing toward the Gas Refrigerator.

Noiseless, because it has no moving parts—just a tiny gas flame.

Dependable, and free from trouble.

Costs less to operate than any other form of refrigeration. Average operating cost in metropolitan district about two dollars per month.

Plenty of ice cubes; constant, steady cold.

Safe. Gas shuts off automatically if flame goes out. Refrigerant is hermetically sealed in one-piece unit.

Lasts indefinitely, because there is no friction to cause wear.

Before you rent an apartment, or before you buy an automatic refrigerator, you owe it to yourself to see Electrolux in operation. Examine it carefully at your gas company's display room. Look over the various sizes and models. See the colors—Crystal Green and Silver Grey, as well as gleaming white.

We will mail complete information, fully illustrated, if you will write or phone us. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42d St., New York City. Telephone Vanderbilt 5700.

ABOVE—*the Kitchenette Model Electrolux, which fits into a small space, yet has generous food capacity, supplies four big trays of ice cubes.*

RIGHT — *the luxurious new apartments at 915 West End Ave.—Electrolux-equipped, as are so many hundreds of other fine New York apartments.*

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

THE NEW WOOLENS
THE OLD TRADITIONS

New fabrics of surpassing distinction from British looms of traditional repute have been utilized by De Pinna in Gentlemen's Suits for Autumn. Included are new Cashmeres, fine Cheviots and West of England worsteds in the smart tick weaves and pin dot patterns which London tailors are presenting for Fall.

Sack Suits, hand-tailored in the De Pinna workrooms. Ready for immediate wear. $65 to $125

DE PINNA

Complete Outfitters to Gentlemen

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd ST., NEW YORK

or three small rhinestone ornaments, and long tight sleeves with an extra cap sleeve over each shoulder that gives a terribly smart effect. A ragged white piqué collar decorates the bateau neckline and the cuffs. Oh, darlings, how it ees chic! (Do I write like a fashion writer yet? The life gets you. I started to say "fascinating-alluring-piquant.") —L. L.

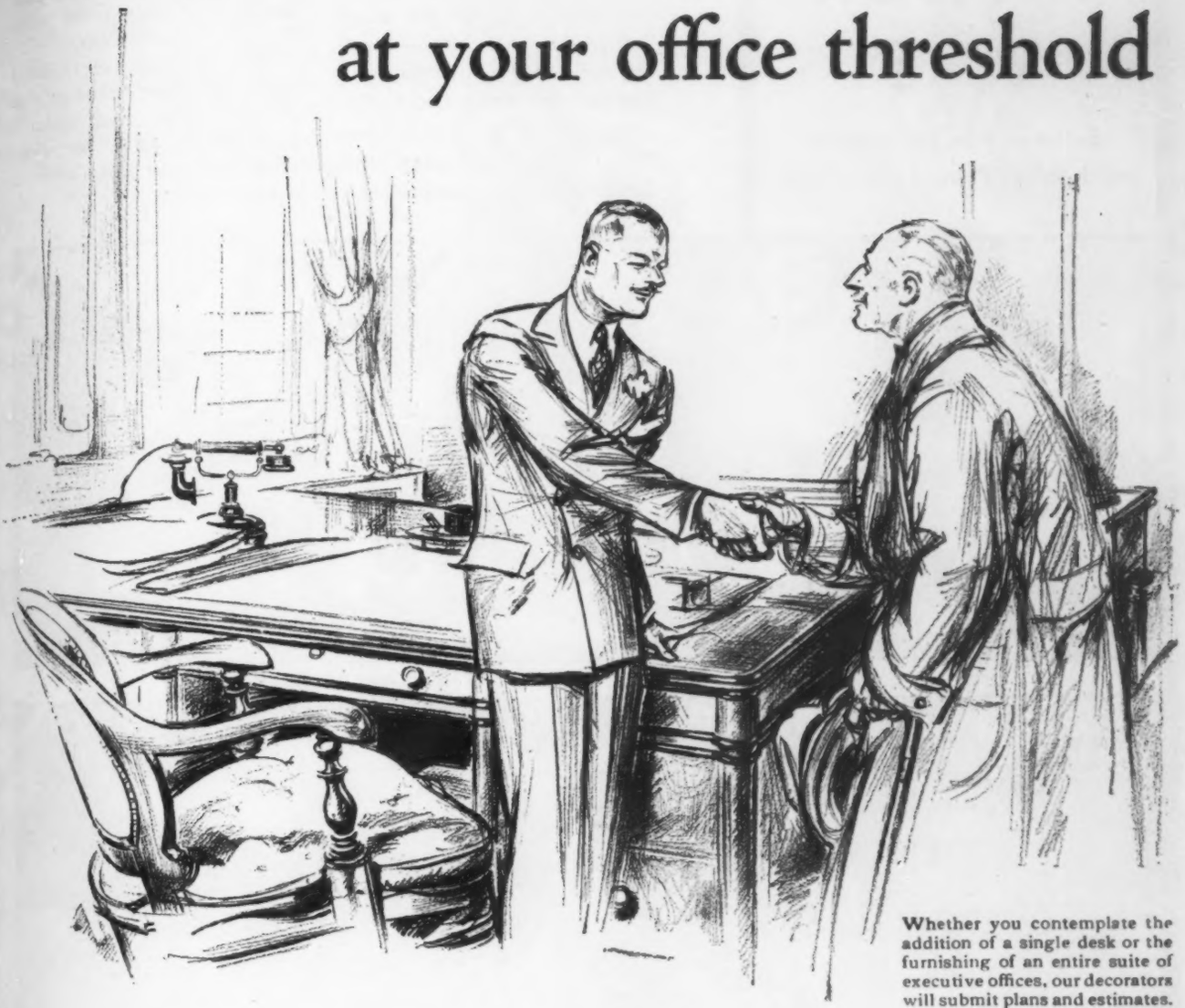
THIS AND THAT

For the Child about Town —Beauty Note—Those Cigarette "Toppers"

WHILE we are on the subject of these form-fitting clothes for adults, it seems only fair to consider the dear little kiddies who are, after all, the men and women about town of the future. In their interest, a new shop called, cryptically, Two-Fifteen, Ltd., has opened on the ninth floor of the building at 485 Madison Avenue (corner of Fifty-second Street). The name, by the way, specifies the ages of the clients—in case you are curious.

Here you will find all types of clothes for small boys and for girls up to the sub-deb stage, all made to order in the shop's own workrooms. Coat-and-hat sets of very fine tweeds and in divine colors are on hand for little children, and are made smart by sunburst darts at the neck, and tucks, scalloped effects, and Boulanger touches. There are many small boys' tweed topcoats in sturdy and good-looking imported fabrics—sometimes double-breasted box coats; sometimes raglan-sleeved flaring ones—in sizes from one and a half up. (Little English boys, by the way, have their sleeves set in at the very tip of the shoulder, and go in a great deal for floppy gray flannel shorts that are worn with brown tweed coats like poppa's.) Another type of thing that is done very well here is the jodhpur riding habit, with whipcord breeches and a tweed coat, well tailored, correct, and for less than the usual made-to-order prices. Similarly, they make excellent gabardine skiing suits and skating costumes, with circular skirts and short box coats in the adult manner. Their underwear for little girls is dainty and yet not too fussy to be compatible with childhood. Little slips, pleated at the sides, and

Good Taste need not halt at your office threshold



Whether you contemplate the addition of a single desk or the furnishing of an entire suite of executive offices, our decorators will submit plans and estimates. You incur no obligations in requesting such service.

THE day of senseless efficiency closed when American business came of age. No longer is a Spartan rejection of taste and charm in office environs considered the outward and visible sign of business acumen. More and more, executives have come to appreciate the value of taste in their surroundings—its tremendous influence on their thinking and its effect on the appraising minds of those with whom they come in contact.

The modern office bespeaks the man and his affairs. For critical observers it mirrors or repudiates the prestige of his business. It becomes a decided asset or a discrediting liability.

But a good-looking office implies no lavish display. Good-looking furniture need not be expensive. A desk can be businesslike and beautiful at the same time and cost no more than one that boasts only efficiency. Comfortable chairs do not cost a fortune. For as little as $300 at Flint & Horner's you can furnish a small office (15x15 ft.) up to the highest standards of modern good taste.

We are experts on the subject of office furnishing and arrangement. We have given over an entire floor of this great shop to model offices and their equipment. We maintain a staff of decorators who devote all their time to this one subject. Whether you are planning a magnificent "Board of Directors" room or a niche for the office boy we can be of great service, and would like to be.

FLINT & HORNER

Exclusive distributors of "Clemco" desks

66 West 47th Street

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues

Telephone: Bryant 6660

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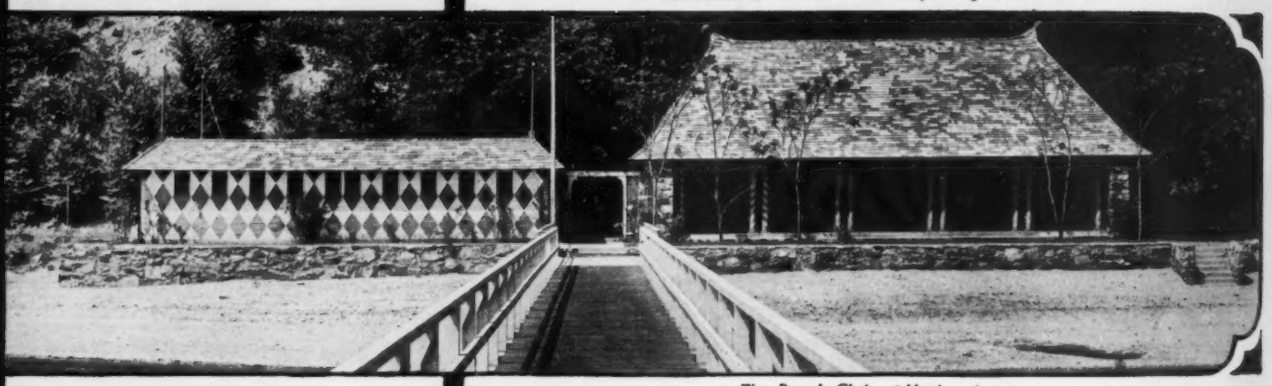
Between Port Washington and Sands Point, Long Island

"COUNTRY" within easy reach of the city; a place for all-the-year residence; freedom from the atmosphere of the usual "suburban community"—these are some of the advantages of **Harbor Acres.** Located on the north shore of Long Island between Port Washington and Sands Point with a view of Hempstead Harbor. 300 acres of rolling wooded land and winding drives, with a private Beach Club, Tennis Club and bridle paths. Reasonable restrictions.

There are a number of building sites at **Harbor Acres** on plots of two acres and upwards, unequaled as to location, diversified beauty and availability at moderate cost.

Residence of Vincent Astor adjoining Harbor Acres



The Beach Club at Harbor Acres

The office of Vincent Astor will send you full particulars about Harbor Acres upon receipt of this

COUPON

Office of Vincent Astor
23 West 26th Street
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Kindly send me information about Harbor Acres.

Name_____

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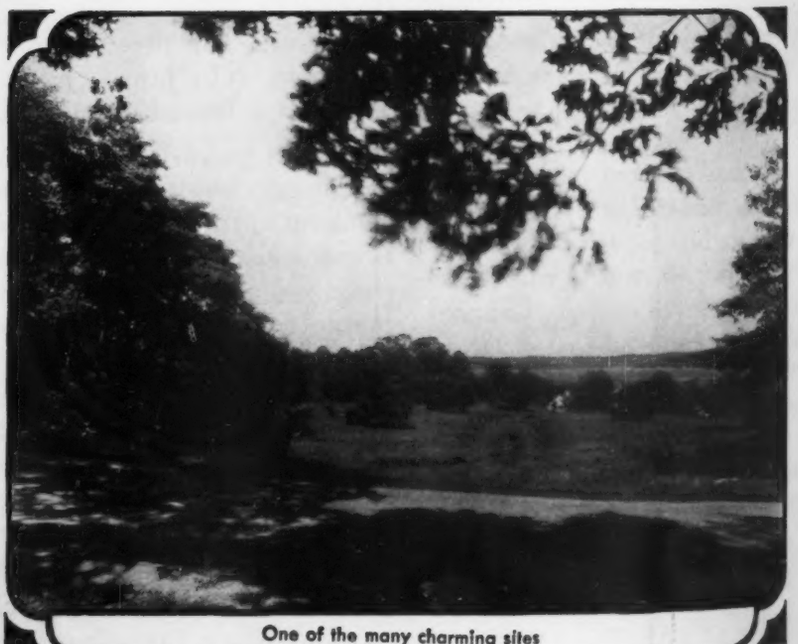


One of the many charming sites

panty-waist combinations are handmade of white organdie and Binche lace.

The highest achievement of Two-Fifteen, however, is their intelligent concentration on the awkward age. There are nice Scotch sweaters, with tams dyed to match exactly; velvet and velveteen party dresses; and charming school dresses, glorified by simple and original detail—in plaid woollens, jerseys, and wool challis with charming English prints that give the effect of silk and have real warmth. Well worth a look-see.

DOROTHY GRAY has recently burst forth with a new paste rouge for the cheeks that is so fine and soft it might almost be applied over a powdered skin, though I would not recommend this for the best results. It comes in four shades, including a sun-orange, and is nicely fixed up in little white porcelain jars with dark blue tops. As I have hinted, it is unusually easy to apply evenly.

THAT "topper" for your cigarette packages that they are selling at all the corner cigar stores really is practical, particularly if you are one of those girls whose handbags are always full of shreds of loose tobacco, as a result of the plebeian habit of lugging a pack of any popular brand around. It consists of a metal top-piece exactly the size of the top of a pack of fifteen-cent cigarettes, and four bars that extend down and run between the paper and the tin foil of the package. A slight pressure, and part of the top flies up when you want a cigarette; the rest of the time even a depleted package won't collapse and can't eject old frayed bits of paper and tobacco. Really a swell idea. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Autumn Changes—The Return of Starch On Shirts and Such

TAB collars, which never caught on very well in this country, are just passing the apex of their popularity in England. These collars, with their slots for celluloid stiffeners, and their small tabs which fasten on the collar button, are still worn by almost everyone there, both in town and in the country; doubtless it is this too-great popularity that is making them less smart.

In town they are being replaced by

© 1929

Wake Up Sleepy Mouths

It's hard enough to get up in the morning without trying to remember a lot of "oral hygiene." Don't bother. Leave it to Tek. This shorter, wider tooth brush responds to your most perfunctory efforts · · cleaning easily where old-fashioned brushes only "hit the high spots." And, simultaneously, Tek's additional width massages and stimulates gums while you brush your teeth.

\+ + +

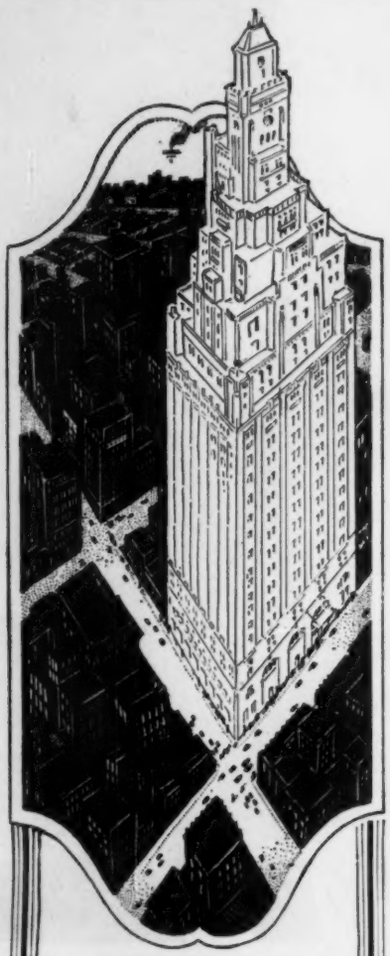
Tek

The Modern Tooth Brush

As a daily reminder, one Tek model has two months' supply of floss in its handle. Floss refills on sale everywhere. Ask to see Tek Jr. for the children.

Product of Johnson & Johnson New Brunswick New Jersey

World's Largest Makers of Dental and Surgical Dressings.



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Every refinement — for living in the fullness of luxurious comfort.

Serving pantries, electric refrigeration, full hotel service, with Beverly-Divan restaurant famed for its excellence.

WALLACE K. SEELEY, *Manager*
Telephone Plaza 2700

starched collars of the same material as the shirt; the effect is neater and not much less comfortable. Tab collars had to fit snugly to look well. The new starched collars are quite low in front and have an opening just large enough to admit a small tie knot. They have generous points, which, however, do not resemble the Hollywood models in the least. These points, unexpectedly, are becoming to men with long, thin necks, more so than the high collars with stubby points which stop short at the base of the throat. The latter type looks somewhat old-fashioned now, and the ones with rounded corners are very seldom seen; however, if either shape suits you perfectly, by all means ignore fashion and stick to your choice.

FOR the country I suggest a collar similar to the new starched one I have described, and made, like it, of the same material as the shirt. Naturally, these are not starched but have slots for celluloid stiffeners which prevent the points from curling. Since the narrow neckband does not permit tabs, the collar should have loops of tape through which the tie can be run to keep the points down where they belong. These collars may, if you like, be attached to the shirt, but I have found that it is more convenient to have them made separately; then if you have both soft and starched collars made for each shirt, you will be able to wear it either in town or in the country.

WHEN you are trying out a new style of collar, it is best to order only one. After you have had it laundered and have worn it, you can tell what changes will improve its looks and your comfort; when you have found just the type that suits you, your shirtmaker can always copy it.

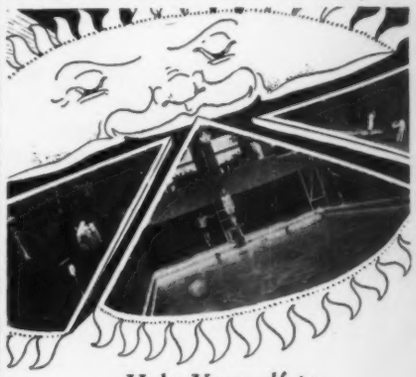
Doyle & Black, 45 West Forty-sixth Street, are very good about carrying out their customers' pet ideas, and their shirts are not expensive. They have an excellent range of patterns and materials which they make to your measure for $5.50. Higher-priced fabrics are also carried in a great variety, and if you still can't find something to please you, they allow you to go elsewhere and purchase your material, which they will then make up for you. When you supply the material, they charge $3 for a shirt and $5 for a suit of pajamas.

While you are in this shop, you might

— he's an unbeliever, a sceptic, a doubting John! He knows what he wants but doesn't believe it can be found — has to be shown. For just such a man this building was designed. He finds everything he wants and more... really large rooms; fireplaces; mechanical refrigeration; impeccable service... all at a price so modest that one looks twice to make sure there is no mistake! Page the man from Missouri!

3-4-5-6 ROOMS $135 UP
DINING BAYS · FIREPLACES
See Representative on premises or
SUYDAM-WELD & BUTT, Inc.
Renting and Managing Agents
250 Park Avenue Tel. Vanderbilt 0634

325 EAST 79th ST.
NEW BUILDING · IMMEDIATE OCCUPANCY



Help Yourself to Another Slice of Summer

No need to tell summer good-bye. Find it again at the "Cavalier". Riding, swimming, golf. Perfect cuisine, good music. Just overnight from New York.

Fine motor roads. Through pullman to the "Cavalier" grounds. A delightful steamer trip from New York, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Providence. Complete information and descriptive literature upon request.

C. V. DELAHUNT
Managing Director
THE CAVALIER

VIRGINIA BEACH
VIRGINIA

look at their Irish poplin ties which sell for $2.50; these come in small neat designs, are hard to wrinkle, and never wear out. Linen handkerchiefs, with wide solid-color borders and narrow hand-rolled hems, are sold here for fifty cents.

Hutchinson, 15 East Fortieth Street, has some Scotch poplins so fine that they feel like silk; these come in gray, blue, and tan in an end-to-end weave which is better-looking than an absolutely plain material because it is less harsh. The made-to-order shirts in this shop range in price from $5.50 to $12.50, and the ready-mades, from $3.85 to $5.50.

Kaskel & Kaskel, 567 Fifth Avenue, have three thousand shirt patterns in stock, so you will surely be able to find at least one or two you'll like, especially since most of the designs are worked out in from five to seven color combinations. I admired their French linens, which come in soft shades of plain colors, and also in tiny stripes and neat checks. A shirt and collar made for you from this material cost $14.50. The English faille in this shop has a silky feeling, and I was told that it wears well; $15.50.

If you want a good noticeable shirt, I advise McCrory, 32 West Forty-sixth Street. They have some of the most extraordinary patterns in town and, of course, also quiet ones that are attractive; their hand-loom French linens, for instance, that cost $27.50, and their end-to-end silks that are $18.50. They have fabrics from Scotland, England, France, and Czechoslovakia at prices ranging from $7 for fine cottons to $35 for some of the silks.

Vought & Raskin, 35 East Forty-seventh Street, have some English cheviots in which three tones of one color are woven into a pattern so minute that it almost gives the effect of a plain color. Shirts of this material cost $10.50. A specialty of this shop is separate white collars of the French piqué from which the bosoms of dress shirts are made. I should think that a soft shirt with bosom and double cuffs of this material would look well.

—G. McC.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the New Haven Journal Courier*]

Q. What can one do on Sunday afternoon, when entertaining a week-end party?

A. Ask the guests to sing or play. This often brings unexpected enjoyment.

Duo-Sette
You can wear the new lower-cut décolletages with exquisite grace when you wear this new lower-cut Duo-Sette. It very subtly uplifts the bust, slims the waist, and gives the firm, flat hips of the new mode. At quality stores.
Lily of France
1115 Broadway, New York City

·ANTIQUES·
WORKS OF
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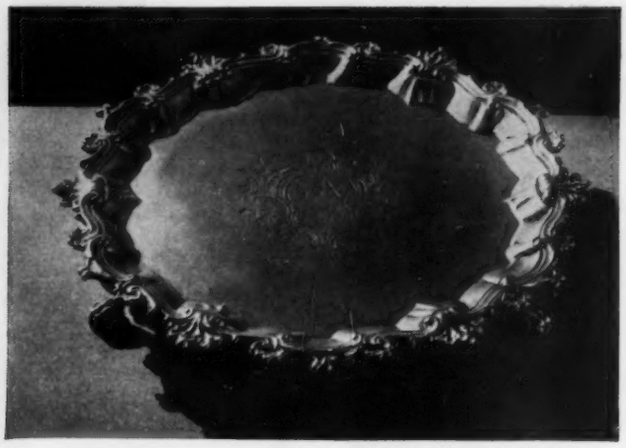
To connoisseurs of old English furniture and silver we offer a wide selection of fine examples of eighteenth and early nineteenth century craftsmanship. Our department of Interior Decoration will assist in the selection of fine pieces and the designing of interiors.



One of a pair of rare George the Third trays

H. Douglas Curry & Company
33 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

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DISTINCTIVENESS

Winkelman presents a galaxy of new Fall styles . . . each style Restricted. Only a few pairs of each will be offered, assuring you distinctiveness. The model illustrated is in Forest Brown Lizard with Kidskin . . . $16.50

Winkelman
471 FIFTH AVENUE
FORTIETH - FORTY-FIRST STREETS

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 18

IF only someone would send us a fog! London is a mellow, ugly city. It was meant to loom out of thick invisibity. To see its perspectives aright you should put it against a background of sullen sky, with black raindrops; then the place assumes its proper contours. We are resentful of this glaring weather. Day after day the sun climbs in a cloudless heaven and the thermometer hangs around the nineties. We don't like it. The streets are dusty and hot and strewn with bus tickets.

In the intervals of exhaustion we are examining our consciences. Why not sunbathing in Hyde Park? Why not eating in the open air? Why not shorts? Why not fountains in the squares? Why not? Simply because in a few days the gray skies will envelop us again and London will once more be London, instead of a colorable imitation of Marrakech. Once a year these questions crop up. Yet it really does seem now as if the Hyde Park sunbath may come to be. This Labor Government is full of surprises. Mr. George Lansbury, the Commissioner of Works, seriously proposes to convert the Serpentine into a sort of Cap d'Antibes, with sunshades and gay bathing tents, where even the ladies can be as supine or serpentine as they wish. This is a startlingly excellent suggestion. Moreover, in a final rush of extravagant common sense, Mr. Lansbury says, "What would I require the sunbathers to wear? What is the use of sunbathing if you wear anything? Let them have their sunbathing without clothes. If it is not wrong on the Lido why should it be wrong in Hyde Park?" This must be some subtle form of *rapprochement* with Russia.

MEANWHILE Mr. Lansbury is taking away the park railings. Some of them have already gone from the edges of those lawns by the French embassy gate, others have gone from Regent's Park. If the Labor Government is given half a chance, the Commissioner of Works is going to remove the immemorial ones all round the edge of the Park, and even those hallowed erections that enclose London's squares. If he can manage this before the empurpled Tories can get at his throat, it

LETTER

will be the greatest improvement to London since the demolition of Dorchester House. The Knightsbridge Road to Kensington will become one of the noblest of boulevards, and London, from being a city of squares, will become a city of gardens. More power to his elbow.

THE Queen's Restaurant has burned down. It was never successful in the fashionable sense, though the food, almost exclusively Italian, was as fine as any to be found in London. Sloane Square is considered rather the back of beyond; but there were people who would make even that journey in search of *fritto misto* or *gnocchi*, just as they go to the Eiffel Tower, beloved of Augustus John, or the Ivy.

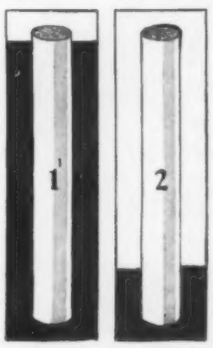
Mostly the Queen's derived its patronage from the neighborhood, though it was conveniently near the Court Theatre; and at it, as at the Ivy, opposite the St. Martin's Theatre, you could have a good dinner in the restaurant and undisturbed digestion across the street at the play. You could also generally be sure of wrestling with your macaroni in the company of some celebrity. The Queen's, however, had one special peculiarity: owing to open doors and the fact that it was a converted shop, it was one of the few places in London where you could eat your meal in view of the street, and with just that whiff of humanity and omnibus which adds such savor to Parisian cooking.

FIVE times a week for half an hour the British Broadcasting Company is putting television on the air. This is something of a triumph for its sponsor, Mr. J. L. Baird, not because his television is by any means entirely successful, but because it has taken him three years of constant endeavor to induce Sir John Reith to give his process a trial.

When Mr. Baird showed me his toyshop some while ago I was aware of a feeling of disappointment. The face of the "televisee" came through in a series of orange semicircles, with thin black clouds for the eyes and mouth, and while it is remarkable that this "image" can be sent just as far as the ordinary radio receiver will reach, it is difficult to imagine, for example, how one could transmit any sex appeal in an orange semicircle. I must be fair to Mr. Baird. It is two years since I

. . . . . It's rum that makes tobacco rumid

Genuine 12 year old Rum in the Rumidor makes tobacco rumid



1—A cigarette from the Rumidor is fresh, mellow and full of flavor . . . it is rumid . . . 100% moist and in perfect condition for smoking.

2—This represents the average of twelve cigarettes, purchased at random. They are NOT in condition for smoking. Only 15% moist . . . not rumid at all.

Put your cigarettes in the Rumidor and let the rum-laden vapor revive their freshness and restore their true flavor. Dry tobacco is hot . . . an irritating smoke. But rumid tobacco is cool . . . a smooth, mellow smoke, free from biting and burning.

Rum has long been used in ageing and conditioning choice tobaccos before they are packaged. That is why a really fresh cigarette is so much better than one that is at all dry.

The Rumidor is the most amazing humidor you've ever seen. The cover of the Rumidor contains solidified 12 year old rum. The vaporization of this rum makes tobacco rumid. Every cigarette from a Rumidor is in perfect condition for smoking . . . you will realize it the moment you light one.

Four sizes of Rumidor accommodate cigarettes, pipe tobacco or cigars. In handsome metals and beautiful leathers. $3.50 to $100. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail us the coupon below.

RUMIDOR

THE RUMIDOR CORP., 501 Fifth Avenue, New York N-1
Please mail me
One copper cigarette Rumidor. Check enclosed for $3.50
One package of four Rum Refills—check enclosed for $1.00
(Please write name and address in the margin below)

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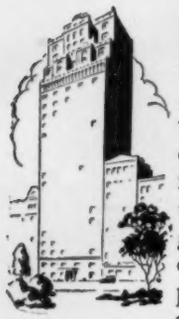

HERE the 'art of living' has a real significance . . . Central Park, with a panorama of winding drives, is your private estate. There are garden terraces overlooking the park. Really livable apartments of two, three or more large rooms. Tiled and ventilated serving pantries equipped with enameled fixtures and central refrigeration. Excellent service and the finest restaurant in town.

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IN the shadow of Carnegie Hall in the heart of the artistic center, you will find a coterie of famous men and women . . . They are attracted by the smart central location and quiet perfection of Wyndham Service . . . Suites of 1 to 3 or more rooms furnished or unfurnished. On lease, or transient basis. Serving pantries, central refrigeration. Excellent restaurant and complete hotel service.

RAYMOND SWANSON, *Manager*
Phone Plaza 3500

BUILT AND OWNED BY SAMUEL MINSKOFF

witnessed this performance, and that was by means of the Noctovisor, an abominable contrivance which will pick out, like a searchlight, a moving body of troops in Damascus—and afford the Air Ministry in Whitehall an excellent view of an orange semicircle.

THE London Salon of Photography need not be taken too seriously from the intellectual standpoint. For the most part, apparently, its intention is to make certain, by means of bad focus, imperfect lighting, and so forth, that the finished print shall resemble the ordinary commercial photograph as little as possible. The Salon is largely an excellent excuse for the illustrated weeklies to flood their pages with agreeable nudes under the guise of Art. I did, however, rather like the sympathetic study of three men's collars by Mr. Bruce Metcalfe. —A. G.

•

FOG

(GRAND MANAN)

To be deceived by sheer immensity
Is flattery of such imperious kind
As to persuade the windy mortal mind
To rear Himalayas where none can be,
And reaching from their peaks
complacently,
To unhinge the moon: or further to
unwind
The coiled wire of the sun and try to
find
What anger clouds the prisms of the
sea.
Why not surrender to the heady bliss,
Disdain the cliff nor doubt the middle
air,
Being blind and no more competent to
think
Than thistledown that wavers over the
brink?
The pilgrim rainbow may be right in
this,
Setting an opal sail with nothing there.
—GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

•

Announcement of his resignation as minister of the Church of Christ in this city and plans for removal to Gallatin, Tenn., where in addition to preaching he will also be affiliated with the Interstate Life & Accident Insurance Company was made today by the Rev. W. N. Ridge.

For his morning subject Sunday Mr. Ridge will discuss "The Hardening of Pharaoh's Heart."—*Clarksville (Tenn.) Leaf Chronicle.*

And how heart-hardening might have been covered by one of the new I. L. & A. I. policies.

"a stitch in time

saves nine, or ten, perhaps," said the clever cinema customer, "but the best saving of all from boredom and in money, is that entertainment now to be bought

at the criterion

last call for "four feathers" take them from paramount's tale while you can... it's good plumage and will adorn you nicely

at the rivoli—united artists

spirits in this house, "three live ghosts" from united artists . . . this of course is the cockeyed astral world.

at the paramount

arthur train's "illusion" and paramount's...nancy carroll and buddy rogers, now you see them... now you don't...but who cares for you hear them nicely. also present abe lyman and his californians jesse crawford and the organ.

at the rialto

ronald colman is still effectively doing business with his charming voice and beguiling manner in "bulldog drummond" what merrie england did for sam goldwyn.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Back to Broadway

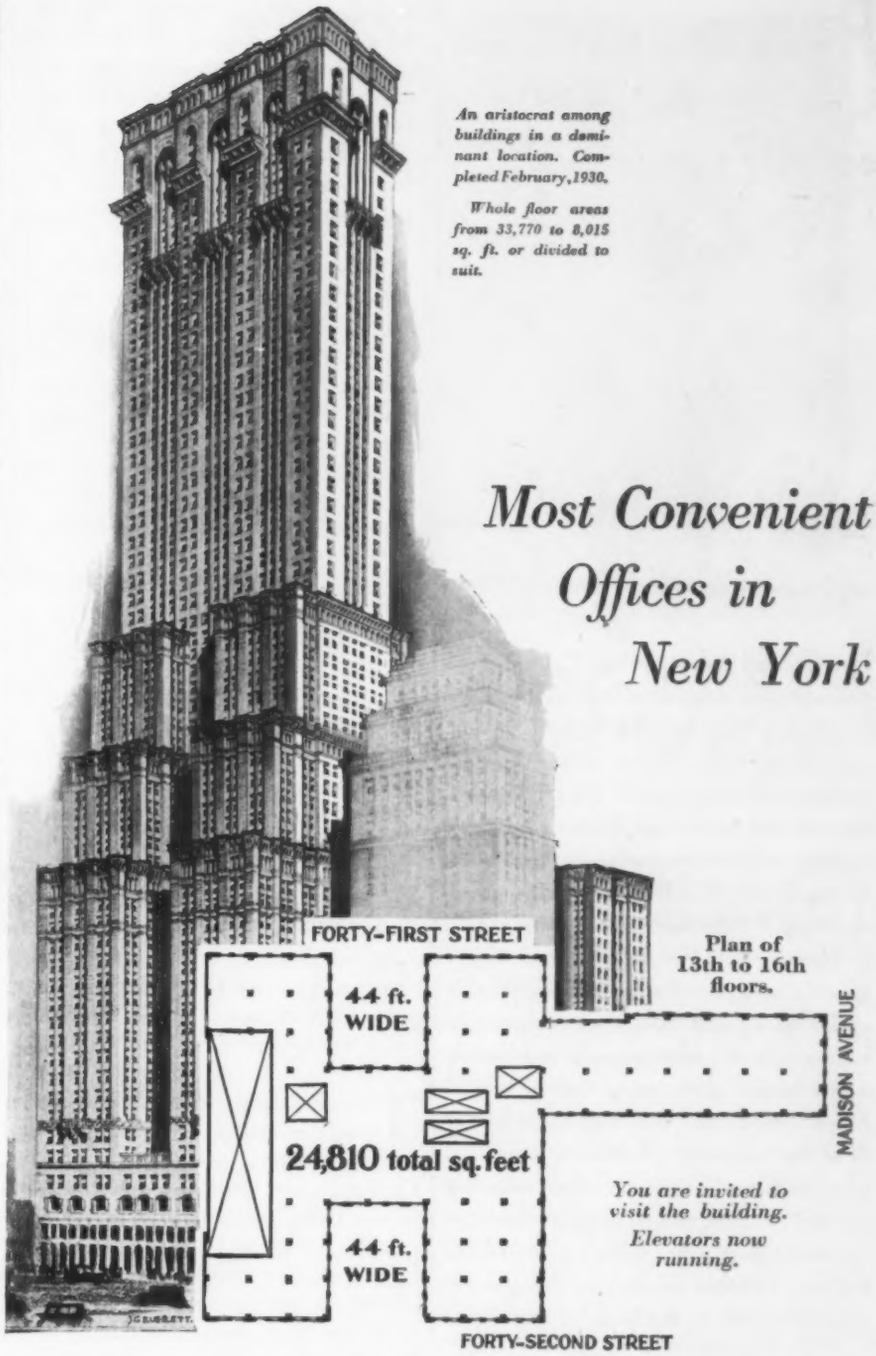
"PARIS BOUND," which appeared at the Paramount, remains essentially the wise and urbane comedy that Philip Barry wrote for the stage. This is partly because the original text has been kept almost intact, and partly because it is played by a cast which manages to invest its lines with an air of casual human conversation.

"Paris Bound," as you may remember, is concerned primarily with infidelity—a husband and wife are complacent about each other's dalliances, and the marriage goes on. The result is a pleasant and civilized comedy, well worth your time.

Ann Harding, in her first appearance on the screen, makes the wife both decorative and believable. Frederic March, as the husband, and Leslie Fenton, as the musician, play with welcome restraint. There are several excellent sequences—notably a telephone scene, with Miss Harding and Mr. March, which is as good as anything I have seen.

JOHN VAN DRUTEN did not come off so happily at the Strand, where his "Diversion" turned up under the rather conservative title of "The Careless Age." In its original form "Diversion" was a troubled drama of adolescence in which a young Englishman strangled his paramour and then committed suicide with the connivance of his father. At the Strand, however, the lady recovers with nothing worse than a sore throat, and her contrite assailant returns to his childhood sweetheart. These goings-on have been embellished with a theme song, called "The Divine Melody," and some rather pretty ballet scenes. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays the lead with a sporadic English accent and an expression which suggests that he would be happier in something having to do with a football game.

OF the week's adaptations, however, "Tonight at Twelve," at the Colony, taken from Owen Davis' farce, suffered worst at the hands of the movies. It is raucously acted by a cast which appears to recognize no



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J. E. R. Carpenter, *Architect*

especial connection between the action and the dialogue, and there is—or was at the première—the additional handicap of faulty synchronization. Without having seen the original, I suspect that a gag-man was put to work on the text. I also suspect him of not being very funny.

"MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD," the Roxy's picture, is an opulent, at times almost overpowering spectacle, strung on the plot about the American actress who falls in love with a Balkan prince. They are separated for reasons of state, the actress goes back to America, the prince loses his crown through a revolution, they are reunited, and sign a joint contract to appear in the movies.

Oscar Straus, Dave Stamper, and Arthur Kay have collaborated on the music which accompanies this cheerful nonsense; and some of the tunes, notably a waltz called "Dance Away the Night," you'll probably hear again. Norma Terris and J. Harold Murray, the principals, act acceptably and sing rather better than that. Tom Patricola does some good eccentric dancing and Walter Catlett is urbane as an American movie magnate. The final scenes, by the way, furnish the rather novel spectacle of the movies kidding themselves, and some of the sets at this point seem likely to set Mr. Ziegfeld to biting his nails.

THOSE who like William Haines will probably like "Speedway," a silent picture that opened at the Capitol. Mr. Haines enters the Big Race at the last minute, gains a commanding lead, and then in the last lap relinquishes his machine to an old driver so that the veteran can win his last race. Some excellent newsreel racing shots have been grafted on, and these are exciting.

"A ROYAL SCANDAL," at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse, is a Rabelaisian, attenuated, but rather appealing German offering, with Jenny Jugo and Werner Krauss. It is not always in the best possible taste, but there is some good broad comedy, especially in the final scenes when Herr Krauss, as the peasant husband, is decorated by his wife's royal lover. —W. G.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Headline in the Long Island Daily Star*]

WOMAN FALLS 3 STORIES
AS SHE WATERS FLOWERS

Resolved by the Cunard Line . . . that Winter is entirely too long . . .

Ten Cunard West Indies Cruises . . . cleverly planned, romantically scheduled . . . 9, 12, 16, 18 or 26 days of golden marrow-warming sun just when harassed northern America needs it . . . Nerves built up and tension let down . . . Big executives cannot always leave their desks for the Riviera but they can barge down to play golf in the exhilarating pink magic of Nassau . . . People who must cast a speculative eye at their pocket-books can exchange a cantankerous winter fortnight for a whole sea of paint-splashed islands with Havana, Paris-wise, thrown in . . . More economical than staying at home. And the unbeatable holiday atmosphere of crack Cunard liners . . . their relaxing comfort . . . their space . . . sports facilities . . . smart club atmosphere . . . these are the best possible reasons for delightfully nipping winter in the bud.

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Sailing Date from New York	Steamer	Duration of Voyage	Minimum Rates
Dec. 3, 1929	s. s. Franconia	16 days	$200
Dec. 18, "	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Dec. 21, "	s. s. Franconia	16 days	200
Dec. 26, "	s. s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, "	s. s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, "	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, "	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, "	s. s. Caledonia	18 days	200
Apr. 12, "	s. s. Samaria	12 days	175

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

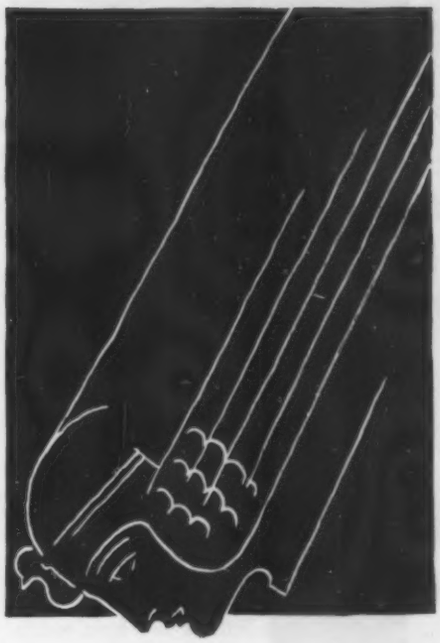
Only the Fun of the Fair—Horsey Genesee—Buckaroo in Ireland

THIS is the season when people have to declare publicly just how good they think their show horses are; if they really fancy them, they make the "big circuit" in New England; but if they just feel aggressive about them, they patronize the depleted local shows. Vague rumors come from Rochester, Springfield, and Brockton of the victories won by Seaton Pippin, Likely Lady, and the Crowell and Sifton hunters; but the much more immediate, though petty affairs of Mineola and Smithtown present a sufficiently gripping problem to the boys who stayed at home.

THE grounds at Mineola look so desolate and unkempt this year, what with unpainted sagging stands, rutted uneven grass, and a disused whippet track between the parking spaces and the ring, that people are beginning to reminisce about Mineola's heyday. Perhaps this show once had a glossy and prosperous youth, but it must have been at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. Of course, as a country fair it is one of the best; the cattle and farm machinery, I am advised, are excellent; and I know personally that the Japanese acrobats, lady high-divers, trained pigs, and firemen's drills are good, for they all take place immediately outside the horse-show ring. The most edifying feature of the whole affair was a ladies' tire-changing contest with nine entrants, all of whom eventually changed tires, several of whom did it very quickly, and entirely without the supposedly essential intervention of a man.

There is very little to report about the actual show, except that Needmore Sally, with Mr. Bell sitting further back in the saddle than ever, in the so-called Kentucky style, did not win; that Mrs. John Tupper Cole's My Love was going better than she ever has; that the hunter classes were very poor, and Mr. Robbins, the judge, was over-particular about which bad performance should beat the others.

Godfrey Preece had some of his recent Irish importations there, but



GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH

Without any of the fanfare and hullabaloo which usually accompanies the presentation of new models, the New Series Stutz and Blackhawk have quietly but quickly scored the greatest increase in sales of any fine car in New York this year.

"A Stutz at $2775! A Blackhawk at $1995!" was the simple announcement made a few weeks ago. The customary extravagances of a new car advertising were conspicuous by their absence. There was no need for them. People who had long looked forward to ownership of one of these criterion cars came eagerly at this news of reductions as much as $700. They saw values hitherto thought impossible, cars literally finer in every feature. They bought. They told their friends. Their friends came—saw—and bought. And so it's going.

But why wait for a friend to tell you? Drop in, or just 'phone Columbus 7070 for a demonstration.

SAFETY STUTZ
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STUTZ NEW YORK COMPANY INC.
BROADWAY AT 62nd STREET
PARK AVENUE (*Ritz Tower*) AT 57th STREET

everyone was so fascinated by his raspberry shirt, scarlet tie, and orange dahlia that they could look no further.

Harvey Ladew's sportily colored dun horse, The Goods, won several jumping classes, and his owner spoke of putting up an outside course at Mineola next year in an attempt to freshen up the show.

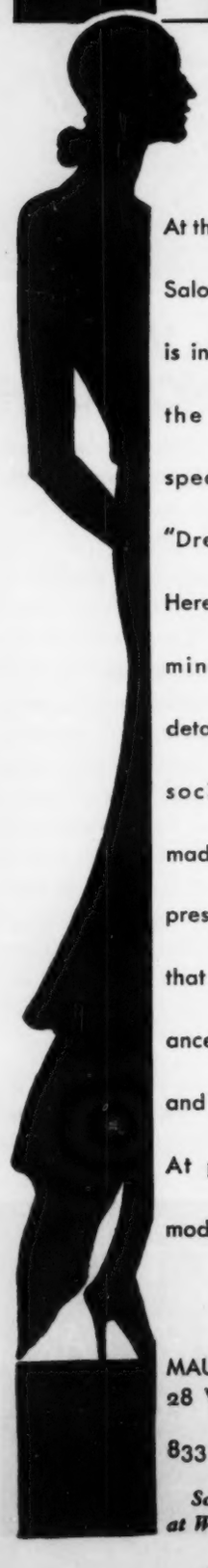
AFTER all the noise and dirt of the fair, Smithtown seems like a garden in the rain, fresh and green and quiet. Yet it is by no means a small show; the entry was so large this year that it kept three rings going continuously. Saddle horses, in their various guises, were in one; polo ponies and farm horses in another; and hunters were judged on the very workmanlike outside course.

Those who showed hunters had the honor of being passed on by Mrs. Wadsworth, from the Genesee Valley, whose name ranks with Elizabeth Daingerfield's as a successful breeder of thoroughbreds. Mrs. Wadsworth has been responsible for making the Valley as horsey as the state of Kentucky; she has procured well-bred government stallions, and placed hundreds of mares with the farmers. She knows the exact breeding and condition of every foal, and is a justly proud lady when ninety-seven appear in one class at the annual colt show. If there were more people like her, the dealers would not be asking and getting eight and ten thousand for any merely passable horse; any scarcity of good ones would soon be remedied.

This is the first year the Smithtown show has been open to professionals, but the tradition of the place is so strong that it still seemed an amateur event. Many people who show there are making their only appearance of the year; and even the few circuit riders are lost in the general atmosphere of excited children and proud parents.

ONE great difference between the big and little circuits at this time of year is that, on the latter, horses are shown hunting-fit, if at all—for cubbing has begun all around New York, and what price a pig-fat horse when hounds are running some steamy sunrise? The long drought made the

MAURICE MENDEL



At the Maurice Mendel Salons the new mode is interpreted with all the dexterity and specialization of the "Dressmaker Touch." Here you will find the minute attention to detail heretofore associated only with made-to-order clothes, presented in fashions that give the assurance of individuality and perfect grooming. At prices unusually modest and interesting.

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350 Rooms $2.50 up

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

season late, but now things are going merrily forward. Up in Darien, Ox Ridge has a pack of real foxhounds, having graduated from the harrier class, and is going to hunt near Ridgefield, as well as having drags at home. In Greenwich, Mr. Ruxton has imported a pack, and is going to run biweekly drags over a lovely line of country almost up to Mt. Kisco, thus providing a very active five days a week for the Fairfield and Westchester.

THE army team, now stationed at Governor's Island, appears this week at Bryn Mawr, encouraged by the victories at Syracuse which followed so closely an undreamed-of success abroad. With old horses, in strange countries, travelling thousands of miles between shows, the team won twenty-five per cent of all the money offered—a remarkable record. Captain Bradford, on old Jacksnipe, won a cup given, probably unwittingly, by young King Michael of Rumania; and in one class, riding Buckaroo, he jumped off three times to win at six feet two—higher than little Buck's head.

After all their successes in Germany and Poland, the Americans went over to Ireland, the land of the banks, which are the last thing an alien horse learns to jump properly. Over all the up-and-down fences at Dublin the army team had the best score, but this was usually offset by the way the horses crouched down and scrambled over the banks. However, Dick Waring, that limber boy hero of last year's National, took his nerves in hand in the International military event and flew over in approved Irish fashion, thus winning for Harry Chamberlain the best class in the show. Bryn Mawr will be pretty tame after all that, I fear.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

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[*From the Paris Herald*]

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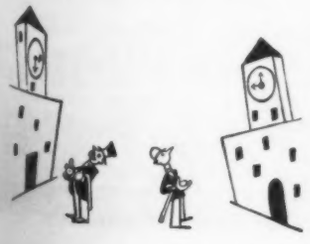

Poor *fish*

PACKED like sardines, they stand for thirty minutes every morning and evening in badly ventilated discomfort . . . nerves wracked by subway roar . . . nostrils assaulted by subway scrimmages. But during September and October over 1,000 more of them will renounce the tin—families who have discovered Tudor City and find that it actually costs no more to dwell among green walks and shady trees within four minutes' walk of Grand Central than it does to live at the other end of an animated sardine can.

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NEW APARTMENTS

Park Avenue Palazzos —For Far West Siders

FRANKLY, most of this column is addressed to disconsolate millionaires without a home. For we have advice to offer them—that they look at the buildings which have replaced the old Presbyterian Hospital between Park and Madison Avenues, Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets.

FRONTING the whole block in Madison Avenue is the new Tishman palazzo—entrances at 33 East Seventieth Street and 30 East Seventy-first Street—which, to be sure, has a row of shops downstairs, with private Madison Avenue entrances, but so dignified that you forgive or forget their existence entirely. Above, you will find apartments varying between eight rooms and three baths and thirteen rooms and six baths. Exceptionally fine servants' quarters are a special feature; not only are their bedrooms unusually livable, but their bathrooms contain real tubs. Also, the kitchens and pantries have a spacious quality, with their great stoves, General Electric refrigerators, glittering tiled walls, and ample daylight.

The family quarters are pleasant, if not impressive. The rooms are generous—seventeen by twenty-nine feet being the average size of living-rooms—and the fireplaces, which at present are faced with yellow brick, will, of course, make way before fancier flights of art under the hands of decorators. It so happens that the only rooms in the building that have windows on two sides, or on the long side (always a gracious, space-creating plan), are the corner bedrooms, which are marvellous; but the drawing-rooms, libraries, and dining-rooms lose by this arrangement. Closets, however, are ample, and bathrooms well equipped.

Julius Tishman & Sons are the agents as well as the builders; $6,600 is the lowest rent, and $11,200 the highest, for apartments still available.

BROWN, WHEELOCK: HARRIS, VOUGHT are in charge of the Park Avenue side of the block. They have No. 720, corner of Seventieth Street,

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JOHN DRINKWATER'S Comedy

BIRD IN HAND

Original English Cast Over a Year in London

6th BIG MONTH IN NEW YORK

a large coöperative that possesses features which in some respects put it in a class by itself. The majority of apartments are sold now, but those that remain have eleven to fifteen-foot ceilings; open fireplaces in living-rooms, libraries, dining-rooms, and most masters' bedrooms; a new form of soundproofing between the floors that amazed this cynic; enormous bathrooms and spacious kitchens; the newest and most complicated appliances of all sorts; and, of course, air, sunlight, and a distinguished atmosphere. The beading and molding on the edges of the woodwork are exquisite, and all other details are in keeping.

You may have a ten-room apartment of this sort for $69,000; an eighteen-room one for $175,000.

ON the Seventy-first Street corner of Park Avenue, No. 730 flaunts its terraces in the air. This is the rental-building counterpart of the coöperative next door, with everything luxurious, and nothing overlooked, from the duplex penthouse on the seventeenth floor, with its garden terraces and conservatories, to the acres of glazed tile in the basement. Two rooms in each apartment—the living-room and library—have open fireplaces smartly faced with smooth black marble; moreover, one is entitled to choose one's own mantels, lighting fixtures, and decorative details without extra charge. One delightful apartment has a suite of two master's bedrooms, each with its bath and each opening on to a loggia—a typically spacious touch. Most living-rooms are thirty-six by twenty-six feet, with eleven-foot ceilings; have their fireplaces at one end, with the windows on the wide side; and have the library, which is arranged similarly, at the other end. This gives you a space of fifty feet for entertaining, with two fireplaces and windows all along one side. Lavish, I call it. Any number of apartments have terraces, as the house is seventeen stories high, and set back accordingly.

You will find twelve rooms at $10,500 (annual rental), sixteen rooms at $20,000, and other apartments of sizes and prices varying between these two extremes. Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought are the agents of this apartment house as well.

I MENTIONED some months ago that the buildings in this block will be ready for occupancy in September

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or October. They are all built around a central open court, elaborately landscaped, and ten private houses front on the side streets, breaking the mass and admitting expensive light and sunshine to what otherwise would be inside rooms.

HAVE a look, some time, at 455 West Thirty-fourth Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. It is in no way a my-dear-how-charming artistic departure—just an apartment house, put up by a man who owned real estate there, for people whose business would probably keep them in the vicinity. Two and three-room apartments are offered: a single room and a kitchen, or a living-room, bedroom, and kitchen; a bath, of course, and usually a dining-alcove or tiny foyer. It is all inexpensively but not trashily done. There are no fireplaces, but there are a great many windows and, consequently, abundant light and air; the kitchens are miniature, with tiny gas ranges, Frigidaires, sinks, and small-scale built-in cabinets.

Closets are reasonably numerous, and the general living mechanics of the house seem to be good; it has been occupied for the past few weeks. Suites, of which there are all types, rent for $975 to $1,500 a year, which is worth the consideration of self-supporting younger New York.

But the real surprise is the existence of two penthouse apartments, each with an open fireplace, and lots of coveted roof-terrace; and each with a view of the Hudson, and of shipping that dazzled this East River lounger. The penthouses have glassed-in loggias that are attached to the kitchens and open on the terraces. Is your breakfast-room any nicer?

The rents for these two finds are $2,700 and $3,000, the differences between these apartments being relatively slight. After you have worked out a perfect system for beating the Thirty-fourth Street crosstown traffic, get plans and prices from Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought. And—oh, yes—there is fairly pleasant modernist decoration in the public halls.

—PENTHOUSE

•

At the last meeting of the Juda Booster Club it came out through a small article printed in the Juda Community News that Juda needed a harness shop, a shoe shop, and some other things.—*Juda (Wis.) Community News.*

Those things do leak out.

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

Imported Discs, and Some Natives—An Encyclopedia of the World's Best

COLLECTORS of unusual records should not overlook the possibilities of the Odeon imported releases. Recently I have received from this enterprising firm such finds as the prelude to Act III of "Die Wunder der Heliane," a Korngold opera which, so far as I know, never has been published on any American stage. It is a lush bit of orchestration, somewhat in the Puccinian manner, and is played brilliantly by the mysterious "Grand Symphony Orchestra, Berlin," under the direction of Dr. Weissmann. The Doctor also is responsible for a striking disc of the finale of Act II of Strauss' (Johann, not Richard) "Zigeunerbaron." The cast includes such celebrities as Karin Branzell, Richard Tauber, and Lotte Lehmann. Tauber, who has sounded uncomfortably like the usual German tenor in some of his solo recordings, sings light opera charmingly, so he probably is pretty good.

Odeon also has a lengthy fantasy on "Jonny Spielt Auf," played by Dajos Bela and his orchestra. A reader informs me that Bela is a son of Keler Bela, composer of the "Lustspiel" Overture and other gay relics. The younger Bela has a selection of themes from the Křenek opera that would lead one unfamiliar with the complete work to suspect it of being a flood of delightful tunes—which, granting its several merits, it isn't. In any event, the new "Jonny" fantasy is much the best recording from the opera that has whirled its way around my phonograph.

FOR many years Edison records have been unavailable to most phonograph owners because they were made to play on only a limited number of machines. Now Edison is issuing a series of discs which will play on any phonograph, and you will find them clear, resonant, and free of the disturbing overtones known as "room noises." If you have no "Celeste Aïda," listen to the one recorded for Edison by Martinelli, who doubles it with "M'Appari" from "Martha." Mario Basiola also contributes a robust "Pagliacci" pro-

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And on the reverse, Roy and Nick continue the melodious battle with this pretty little thing. Makes you feel like skipping up and down the main drag with your hot papoose.

If you want to get the girl friend sentimental, get her No. 4418 and Nick Lucas will put "IT" over—but—if you want to dance, Roy Fox on No. 4419 is *THE* number.

logue, which includes not only the usual vocal passages but also the complete orchestral introduction. The Edison list will have to be taken seriously.

THE Columbia Masterworks Series continues with two exceptional recordings—the Chopin B-flat minor Sonata, performed by Percy Grainger; and Stravinski's "Fire Bird" Suite, conducted by the composer. Grainger's Chopin is of the variety that critics used to call "healthy"—which means that the music is played pretty much as written. In short, an admirable album. Stravinski's "Fire Bird" is a trifle rigid in tempi, a characteristic of almost all recordings supervised by their composers. However, the value of such a set of records, played by a competent anonymous European orchestra, directed by Prince Igor himself, is obvious. I don't like it quite so well as its predecessor in the series ("Petrouchka"), but it's worth space in anybody's collection. Reverting to Grainger, don't miss one of his shorter contributions—his own "Ramble on Love" (as the listing has it), which is an amusing experiment with melodies from "Der Rosenkavalier" by Strauss (Richard, not Johann). To Wagnerians, I commend Alexander Kipnis' resonant proclamations of the "Evening Star" ballad and the King's Prayer from "Lohengrin." Elementary Wagner, of course, but well done for once.

VICTOR has on its current list an album set that looks like one of the most important items of the month —a complete "Aïda," recorded in Italy, with Dusolina Giannini in the title rôle, and Aureliano Pertile, once of the Metropolitan, as Rhadames. I say "looks," because the records had not yet arrived when this was written. Of the Victor "Aïda," more later.

Victor has several excellent record-

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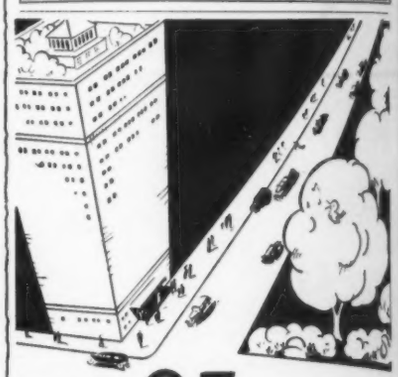

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Leases from October 1st.

MANAGING DIRECTOR ON PREMISES
Telephone Spring 8690—or see your own broker

ings of stock selections this month. Louise Homer does the principal contralto arias from "Il Trovatore" and "Samson et Dalila" in a manner that should be the despair of most young contraltos. Kreisler has two Dvořak bits—his transcriptions of the first Slavonic Dance and "Songs My Mother Taught Me." One of those "model" records for ambitious singers is Giuseppe de Luca's doubling of "Dio possente" from "Faust" and "Di Provenza il mar" from "La Traviata."

FOR investors in "semi-classics," I suggest John Charles Thomas' Brunswick marriage of "Duna" and the Gypsy Love Song from "The Fortune Teller."

THE first definitive catalogue of records of standard and modern music, including discs from European as well as American manufacturers, has been published by the Gramophone Shop, 47 East Forty-seventh Street. It is called the "Encyclopedia of the World's Best Recorded Music," and it offers more temptations to record-buyers than anything that ever has appeared. There are, for instance, more than sixty recordings of works by Bach, about forty-five by Brahms, about forty by Debussy (a genuine achievement, which goes to the credit of the recording industry at large), twenty by Dvořak, twelve by Franck, twenty-four by Handel (including a complete "Messiah," conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham), eighteen by Moussorgski (an amazing showing), more than sixty by Mozart, twenty-five by Richard Strauss, about fifteen by Ravel, and a good representation of such ultra-contemporaries as Bartok, Casella, Hindemith, Holst, Honegger, Křenek, Malipiero, and Respighi.

The price of the "Encyclopedia" is twenty-five cents, but I fear it will cost you more than that before you finish reading it. —R. A. S.

•

Thrill fans, horror seekers, mystery story addicts—take notice! Out of all the ruck of twaddling detective and mystery tales of recent months has come one that has the tang of the real thing. It is "The Hammer of Doom," an English story by one Francis Everton, who invents a new way of murder—that of sticking the victim under a trip hammer so that it falls kerplunk on his head and busts his skull open. Who could ask for more?—*Baltimore Sun.*

Only a glutton, thank you.

The curtain may fall upon a kingdom mythical...a mountain hut...or English drawing room . . . but nightly the scene is promptly shifted to Park & Tilford, at Fifth and 57th. And, after your first appearance...no prompter is needed to recall the pleasing atmosphere of our after-theatre service...and the tempting delicacies for which *this* scene is famed.

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RELIEF AHEAD

WHETHER you live within walking distance of work or not, there are certain sections of the city which you must traverse constantly. With only a very few exceptions, New Yorkers have this burden to face daily. It is only the occasional diva or bank president who rides from home to office without placing foot to pavement. Consequently, the civic plans outlined below will unquestionably find ready support among the thousands who would like relief from the monotony of viewing the same sights every day.

Personally, I have only six different possibilities for my daily walk to work. Living in Thirty-third Street east of Lexington, and working in Thirty-fourth east of Seventh, I know my Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets so intimately that every shop, soda fountain, and paving block is an old story. I can go straight across Thirty-third and up Broadway, or I can tack at Lexington, Park, Madison, Fifth, or the bus alley between Fifth and Sixth. The morning walk holds nothing else for me.

People who live in the more residential parts of town are no better off, on the whole. As they walk to their subway stations they have to pass the same doorsteps every day, the same ailanthus trees, the same Butler stores.

TO improve these conditions, it is proposed first of all that Manhattan statues be removed from their foundations and placed on rollers of some sort, so that their locations may be changed periodically.

Take, for example, General Sherman. Take him away some dark night from Fifty-ninth Street, where he has doubtless worn out his welcome, and deposit him where the traffic tower used to stand at Thirty-fourth and Fifth Avenue. The policeman at that point could get on behind the General and direct traffic from there with another officer in front to help in case of astigmatism. Such a maneuver would be a boon to people in my neighborhood, and the Fifty-ninth Street sector as well, by eliminating monotony through the surprise method.

It would be nice for a change to find the statue of Christopher Columbus, now at Columbus Circle, in front of Liggett's at Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue. Nice for the public and nice for Columbus.

Though her present quarters are

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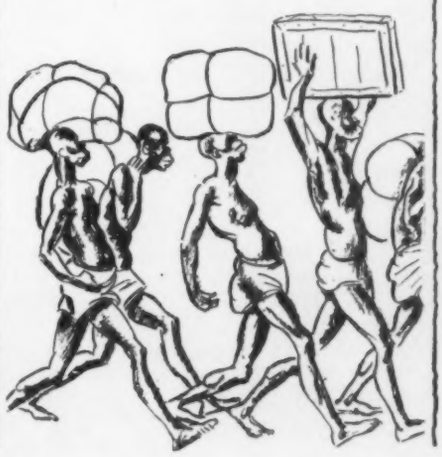
perhaps more becoming to her, the lady atop the Pulitzer Fountain at the Plaza would be a charming surprise to tired office workers if transplanted temporarily to Times Square.

There are hundreds of other statues, and the possibilities in this one field are limitless. They could be moved about every few days, the committee in charge taking care to make all plans in secret session so that no one would know when to expect a change or what the change would be.

THIS is only one phase of the subject. In the shopping district, storekeepers could help tremendously by lending their windows for the display of surprises instead of merchandise a certain number of days a year. It would be such a relief to see, in place of a smart collection of smart coats and smart dresses for the smart woman, a window full of old galoshes, broken furniture, worn-out inner tubes, and empty ginger-ale bottles. Things that nobody would want but everybody would look at. That would be one type of window. Others would include bedroom suites with living models saying their prayers, dusting, doing their hair, or making up a little sleep.

Pet shops always attract passers-by and brighten the horizon. It would be a fine philanthropic gesture on behalf of the general public if department stores would occasionally fill a window here and there with animals of some sort. Perhaps the Bronx Zoo would coöperate. It would change the whole complexion of the daily walk to work if one should see a pair of lively boa constrictors in an Altman window and a happy family of orang-outangs putting the finishing touches on their breakfast peanuts by courtesy of Oppenheim Collins.

THESE are only the barest suggestions of what might be accom-



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For natural loveliness

The modern woman runs a little stick of magic gently over her lips. Gradually they begin to glow—not with the color of the lipstick—but blush-rose! Nature's own youthful bloom!

Once more she applies the lipstick . . . the color deepens, becomes richer. No trace of grease or pigment. Nothing except a lovely glow, so beautiful, so natural it seems part of her own lips . . . and, indeed, it is—for Tangee is permanent as the day is long.

PRICES—Tangee Lipstick in gun-metal case $1, in superb gold and black enamel case $2.50, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Crême Rouge $1, Tangee Day Cream $1, Tangee Night Cream $1, and Tangee Face Powder (including the smart new shade, Tangee Tan) $1. 25c more in Canada. *Ask for* TANGEE, *and be sure you see the name* TANGEE.

Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. N. Y. 9, The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

Name.....

Address.....

plished in one section if every citizen put even one shoulder to the wheel. Uptown there are splendid possibilities too for changes of scene without ripping up the asphalt or tearing down the houses. If the *Times* would run some editorials espousing the new plan, there would doubtless be hundreds of Upper East Siders willing to spread cheer by providing daily doorstep surprises. Old family portraits could be hung to advantage on old brownstone fronts. This would be both entertaining and educational. Front yards equipped with trees could provide surprises in the nature of tree decorations now and then. Christmas ornaments on warm days would be a pleasant note, and strings of candy or popcorn whenever possible would unquestionably be popular.

This just skims the surface of what could be done. If you would like to send in a few suggestions, the Committee in Charge of Civic Changes would be glad to have them.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

EMILY POST (1272 B. C.)

A memory of you, Wan Ti,
An antique tear phial
And an anecdote . . .
Your husband was a seed-pearl baron
At the time when Marco Polo
Made the western world
Seed-pearl conscious.
You were a great lady,
Patroness of fan painters,
Model of chaste decorum.
Your long blue sleeves
Were thrice ringed with bandicoot.
Never did you err
Upon the observance of etiquette.
Dynasties may crash—
But there is always tea.
It is related that when
Your terrified servants
Reported an armed man in the garden
Mowing down the zinnias
With a two-handed sword
And uttering dire threats,
You quietly settled the matter—
"Ask him to tea."

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

•

"I have often been accused of deliberately appealing to the salacious and evil-minded. I have played to 10,000,000 people in the United States. Ten million Americans can't all be salacious and evil-minded."—*Miss Mae West, quoted in the World.*

Any bets?

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RECENT BOOKS

Prewar Wickedness—An Asterisk Marks the Spot —The Terrible Sarah

THOSE who blame the sins of the world on the war will be completely unstrung to find that "Chéri" was written in 1912. Even before the Germans, the war rich, and the Debt, there were, in Paris at least, courtesans and gigolos, which considerably damages the illusion created by so many novels that all was Innocence and Love prior to August, 1914, when the world awoke to the sound of marching feet, ta ta!

Madame Colette's is a thoroughly vicious book of timeless vices. It isn't, however, murkily or sordidly evil; its wickedness is cool and serene. Here, says Madame Colette, is a completely obnoxious young man, surrounded by a bevy of choice old vultures whom he is crafty and low enough to prey upon. There is, she insists, something amusing in an unholy way about the spectacle. Please, of course, do not attend the show if you are given to fits of moral indignation. Survey it as a comedy, for it is essentially funny.

"Chéri" would not deserve even a derogatory "pooh" if Madame Colette did not write extremely well. Unfortunately for righteousness she does. Oddly enough, she writes best when she is dealing with impersonal and harmless things. She has a feeling for rooms and gardens, and little glimpses of Paris. She can create the whole atmosphere of a ménage in a few sentences.

Her little Chéri is almost too horrid, but the beautiful Léa is humanly believable and has a certain perverse nobility. There is about her something of the rococo splendor and dignity of the *Feldmarschallin* of "Der Rosenkavalier." In the face of so much honest skill and sound merit, I feel a slight regret that "Chéri" will be classed with those bogus volumes that cause a month's flutter simply because they are sensational. A word, too, for Janet Flanner's translation, which is crystal clear.

HOW wide the English Channel, and how different the climates

O. MANZ
Chef of the Zeppelin

Manz
Chef of the Zeppelin

"*On arrival in the United States we sealed our wines* **Therefore . . .**"

Therefore? Otto Manz chuckled (in German, of course)—and continued (also in German): "Therefore, it gives me great pleasure to learn that I can obtain Guasti Cooking Wines here for my passengers and guests. Guasti Cooking Wines help me decidedly to maintain my reputation as a Chef."

Thus, uninterrupted, Graf Zeppelin passengers enjoyed Chef Manz's continental-wise cookery—creations flavored with the magic, invigorating taste of the grape—as Master-chefs since the heydey of Rome have been wont to woo the more discriminating palates.

Small wonder Chef Manz chuckled under the mooring mast in Los Angeles. He, too, found that Guasti Cooking Sherry is the same fine old sherry that has kept the name Guasti famed these many years in first-water clubs, hotels and homes. Likewise known to knowing ones are other *Guasti Cooking Aids:* Sauce a la Bercy, Sauce a la Bordelaise, Sauce a la Newburg, Sweet Sauterne Flavoring, Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Sweet Port Flavoring. Now legally available at all right-serving grocers! None the less intriguing—*Guasti Wine Jellies*, in seven varieties!

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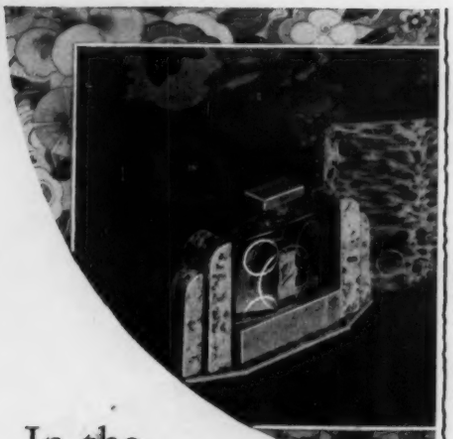

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of Paris and London! However, Richard Aldington and Madame Colette are in agreement on one point: the bullet that killed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand wasn't fired in a Garden of Eden. In "Death of a Hero," Mr. Aldington presents a society courting a great tragedy. He passionately and vituperatively scolds Mother England; he hits out so wickedly that the book, in many passages, lapses into asterisks—the stars marking the spots where the bodies of censors were found.

Mr. Aldington's hero is an artist fighting blindly in his youth, and desperately in his brief manhood, to preserve his integrity as an artist and a man. In the end, he allows himself to be mowed down by the bullets of the enemy, as one glad of a way out.

From the depths of a deep personal experience Mr. Aldington assails the insincerity and lethargy of London's artistic set. He fervently damns its girls who go in for Art and Freedom. These portraits of cerebral sinners are cruel. In fact, the book is a rousing old-fashioned panning, and Mr. Aldington's sincere and tragic indignation bursts out of the novel form and erupts as a bitter denunciation.

WHATEVER may be wrong with the biography, "Marlborough," is not the fault of the biographer. Donald Barr Chidsey isn't to blame because Jack Churchill married Sarah Jennings, nor because Sarah is vastly more interesting than the victor of the Battle of Blenheim. The Duke of Marlborough was nearly the King of England, but Sarah was more than the Queen. Marlborough's extraordinary cleverness wasn't hampered by any useless moral scruples, but all his accomplishments are thrown out of perspective by the fact that he emerges merely as Sarah's leading man. In his biography you keep waiting for moments of Sarah and her friend Queen Anne. When "Mrs. Morley" and "Mrs. Freeman" take the stage for a short turn, the fun begins. Mr. Chidsey tries to snub the terrible Sarah, while still giving her her due, but she bounces up undaunted. Surely no great man was ever more cursed by a happy marriage than the Duke of Marlborough.

REALLY the most attractive point of "You Can Escape" is the affection and admiration which the late

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BILL:
No, The Berkshire!

TOM:
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BILL:
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Edward H. Smith bestowed on his brave jail-breakers. It's an affected fashion to cry down the criminal, to hold him up to scorn as a moron and misfit, and meanwhile collect book royalties on compilations of his misdeeds. Mr. Smith presents his collection of daring convicts as a series of heroes whose courage and physical bravery you, boys and girls, might well copy. Would you, for instance, gnaw your way to freedom through a solid oak panel? You would not; you'd make some silly excuse about hurting your teeth and turn quitter.

Mr. Smith died before his book was ready for publication, so Edward Hale Bierstadt completed his task. Mr. Smith did a great deal of delving into old penitentiary legends and all his stories are good. The one about Clarence Adams, the Vermont selectman who went Jekyll and Hyde, is something to treasure.

ANDRÉ GIDE'S "The School for Wives" is a beautiful slim-looking book. It was set up on the monotype, which is a typesetting machine that runs something like a player-piano, and the type-face is Garamont. The paper was made by Jessup & Moore. And the story itself? Well, now you embarrass me. To get the thing over with quickly, this is the journal of a woman who discovers that she has married a conceited fool, and I cannot see how that would be of great interest to anyone. However, I suppose that Gide is Gide, even when he writes like one of Mr. Macfadden's True Confessors gone literary.

"WHITEOAKS OF JALNA" is for those who revelled in the lives of the matriarchal group in Canada. Miss Mazo de la Roche has the valuable gift of creating endearing and enduring personalities. These Whiteoaks are people who can go on forever. Hers, too, is a slow, unostentatious humor. I particularly liked the line of the staunch Canadian who complained that the only trouble with the Dominion was its boundary, the Arctic expeditions, and those transatlantic flights. —A. W. S.

•

Colonel Pearle A. Davis, commanding the 319th cavalry regiment, and Mrs. Davis were tendered a farewell party at Linwood and Elmhurst avenues Saturday night.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Marking, at last, the complete submergence of the American host.

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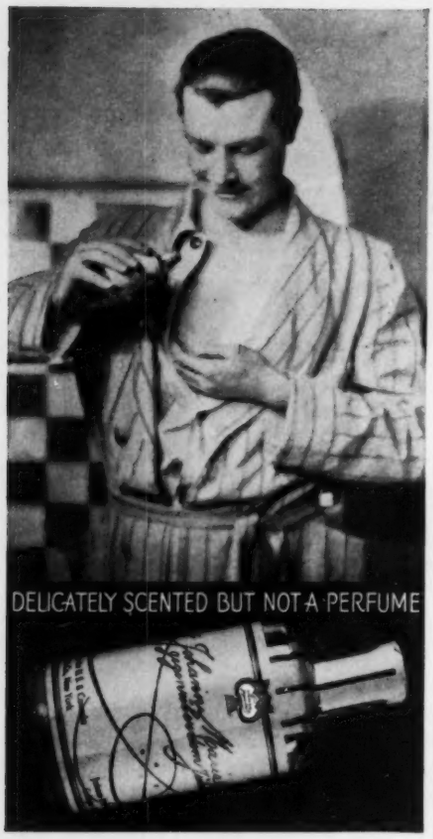

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COLOGNE
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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

CHÉRI, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). Wicked story of a gigolo and, alas for morals, excellently written.

DEATH OF A HERO, by Richard Aldington (*Covici, Friede*). Why a man preferred being a dead soldier in France to being a live artist in London.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES, by André Gide (*Knopf*). One of those why-my-marriage-failed diaries.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA, by Mazo de la Roche (*Little, Brown*). Continuing the history of a matriarchal group in Canada.

THE SWORD IN THE SOUL, by Roger Chauvire (*Longmans, Green*). A Frenchman writes of Ireland during the war.

HORSES IN THE SKY, by Larry Barretto (*Day*). More American boys in France—and again, the war.

HOUR UPON THE STAGE, by Ann Pinchot (*Dodd, Mead*). Rather slimy immigrant family in Michigan. Very much that facts-is-facts school of writing.

THE LOVE OF THE FOOLISH ANGEL, by Helen Beauclerk (*Cosmopolitan*). The earthly adventures of a gentlemanly young devil, beautifully and fragilely written.

ATMOSPHERE OF LOVE, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). Surgical analysis of marriage in the best modern French manner.

TEN TO ONE IN SWEDEN, by Paddy Sylvanus (*Appleton*). Sprightly and not over-friendly study of Scandinavians by an English governess who lived in Sweden—and remained an English governess.

LONE TREE, by Harry Leon Wilson (*Cosmopolitan*). Heavily sentimental tale of a rich cattleman who refused to eat artichokes; but it's by Harry Leon Wilson.

OTHERS WHO RETURNED, by H. R. Wakefield (*Appleton*). Short stories of ghosts that are really ghosts and not loose shutters.

ULTIMA THULE, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). Fine study of human courage, and a great tragic novel.

THE DARK JOURNEY, by Julian Green (*Harper*). Mr. Green's annual and mechanically perfect prizewinner.

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). A naturalist surveys a small boy under his microscope.

WINGS ON MY FEET, by Howard W. Odum (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Dancing narrative of a black Ulysses at the war.

AGAINST THE WALL, by Kathleen Millay (*Macaulay*). To "raise hell with women's colleges," as you've probably heard.

Less recent:

SINGERMANN, by Myron Brinig. LIFE GOES ON, by W. G. Rogers. THE HALF PINT FLASK, by DuBose Heyward. RED CAVALRY, by I. Babel. THE HISTORY OF EGG PANDERVIL, by Gerald Bullett. BRIGHT INTERVALS, by Nancy Hoyt. THE WORLD'S DELIGHT, by Fulton Oursler.

Mysteries

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

BEWARE AFTER DARK, compiled by T. Everett Harré (*Macaulay*). . . . THE PERFECT MURDER CASE, by Christopher Bush (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE MAN WHO RANG THE BELL, by Milward Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE

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MURDER IN THE BROWNSTONE HOUSE, by Wilson Collison (*McBride*). . . . THE DUKE OF YORK'S STEPS, by Henry Wade (*Payson & Clarke*). . . . THE INVISIBLE WEB, by H. Ashton-Wolfe and Edmond Locard (*Stokes*).

GENERAL

MARLBOROUGH, by Donald Barr Chidsey (*Day*). The biography of the fellow who married Sarah Jennings.

YOU CAN ESCAPE, by Edward H. Smith (*Macmillan*). How to get out of prison without a pardon from the governor.

THE TRAGIC ERA, by Claude G. Bowers (*Houghton Mifflin*). Events and personages of the Reconstruction period brought to life in a dramatic book.

LIFE'S EBB AND FLOW, by Frances, Countess of Warwick (*Morrow*). Gossip and romance of a vanishing era as remembered by one of its great ladies.

A GREAT RICH MAN, by Louise Schnutz Boas (*Longmans, Green*). The success story of Sir Walter Scott.

THE LIFE OF LADY BYRON, by Ethel Colburn Mayne (*Scribner*). Scandal that has become literature.

INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOLOGY, by Erwin Wexburg (*Cosmopolitan*). How you get that way, by a post-Freudian.

CHICAGO: THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION, by Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith (*Harcourt, Brace*). All the facts that are fit to print.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: THE PLAYER QUEEN, by John Garber Palache (*Longmans, Green*). The perennial biography—and very good.

Less recent:

MRS. EDDY, by Edwin Franden Dakin. SKIPPY AND OTHER HUMOR, by Percy Crosby. DAWN GINSBERGH'S REVENGE, by S. J. Perelman. THE OMNIBUS OF CRIME, by Dorothy L. Sayers.

•

CONJURY

Back and forth
On Avenue B
A chestnut vendor
Plies busily
Till in a sudden flash
Is gone
The New World
That he treads upon
And you see the stalls
That line the Seine
And hear once more
The old refrain
Which age cannot wither
Nor new tongues check:
"Le marchand de marrons
De la Rue Marbec!"

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

Saturday Molly bit Galigan Gonzales, 8, 2140 W. 44th Street. Sunday she bit Pedro Menendes, 9, 2138 W. 44th Street. Yesterday she bit William Papenfuse, 2, 2136 W. 44th Street.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

She's moving east.

¶ YOUTH

EVERY MAN, every art, every institution has a rendezvous with Youth, that glorious climax to which life soars from infancy and from which it reluctantly recedes. Power, fearless thinking, progress, inspiration, these are its identifying symbols, symbols that flash about it like medals on the breast of a victorious hero.

Some die before they meet youth; most enjoy its company but a little while; yet there is a regiment of exceptions, both men and institutions, who long maintain the cogent glamour of its prerogatives. The many-yeared Edison, plunging in to extract rubber from sources that never had yielded it before; Einstein, at the end of half a century, burning the accepted bridges of the universe behind him; railroads that have become American traditions, projecting their traffic across the roadbeds of the sky; these are Youth. And in their colorful category is America's Youth-inspired newspaper, the *New York Evening Journal.*

Its editorial pages use "the Past" merely as a jumping-off place for "the Future." Its strikingly illustrated news columns print all the news powerfully and fearlessly. Its sport section leaps and glows with the energy of the youths whose activities it reports. Current drama, cinema and music are examined in its pages with zest and inspiration. Its journalistic attitude makes no compromise with those whose arteries have begun to harden and whose blood has begun to cool. It is a newspaper for the young in spirit, and it naturally is more widely read than any other evening daily in New York.

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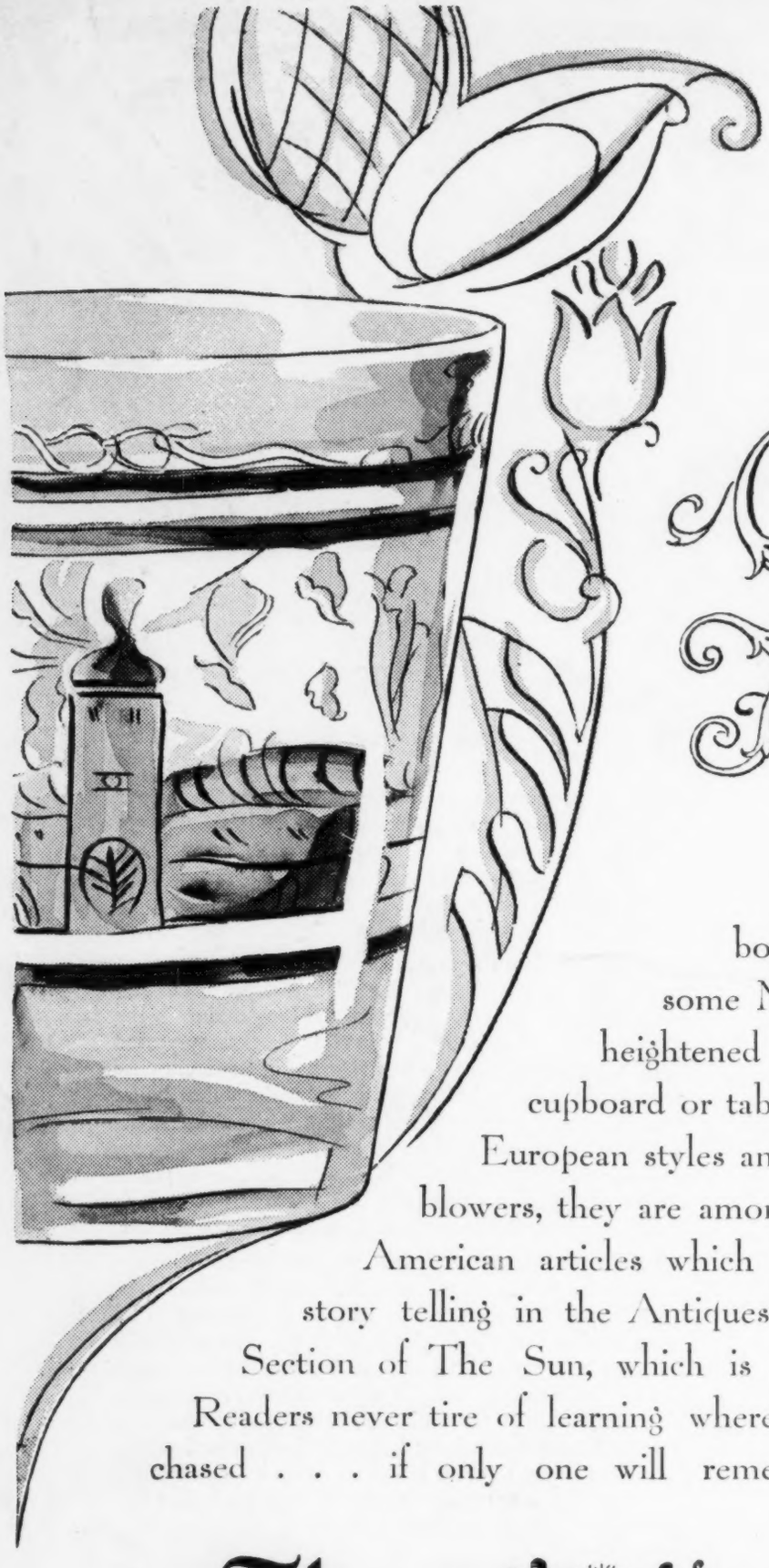

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